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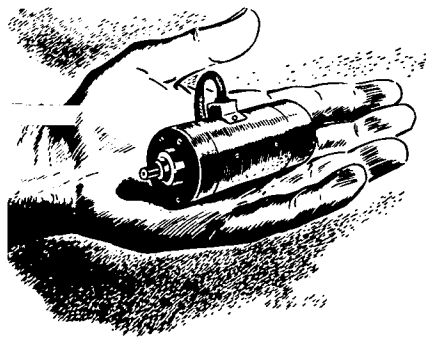
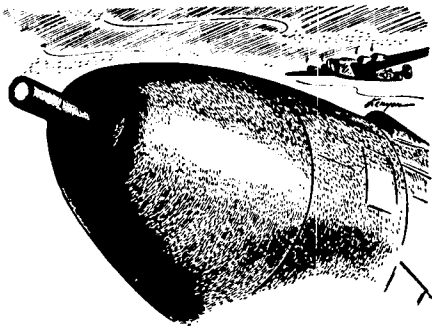
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by Russell W. Davenport

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
250

OCTOBER, 1944

Why I Cannot Vote for Dewey	Russell W. Davenport	391
Leopold Stokowski	Arthur Bronson	400
The O'Connell Machine in Albany	Charles Van Devander	408
Boston's Scollay Square	Stewart H. Holbrook	416
The South's Economic Opportunity	Donald M. Nelson	422
I Come Home, <i>A Story</i>	Paul Hughes	428
Sweet Are the Uses of Publicity	Bennett Cerf	436
Russia's Plans for Germany	David J. Dallin	440
Cuba Goes Democratic	W. Adolphe Roberts	450
A Public Relations Man Confesses	Eugene Kelly	457
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
I. <i>I Hear America Singing</i>	Horace Reynolds	463
II. <i>Repairing Hearts by Surgery</i>	Leona Alberts Wassersug	467
What Swings an Election	Lowell M. Limpin	472
Indians on the Warpath Again	Burnet Hershey	477
The President's Press Conference	John H. Crider	481
Strange Accidents	Myron M. Stearns	488
DOWN TO EARTH:		
<i>Caddis-Fly</i>	Alan Devoc	491
POETRY:		
<i>Circumference</i>	Mary Poole	399
<i>The One Certainty</i>	Charles Angoff	435
<i>Cattle At Evening</i>	Marion Doyle	476
THE LIBRARY:		
<i>Large States Versus Small</i>	Henry Steele Commager	495
CHECK LIST		388
OPEN FORUM		503
CARTOON by Eric Peters.		

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(Continued on page 500)



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WHY I CANNOT VOTE FOR DEWEY

BY RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

THOUGH nominated almost unanimously on the first ballot, Thomas E. Dewey is not a hero within his own party. He has his unqualified worshippers (though certainly not as many as a successful candidate should have). But most observers at the convention agreed that his nomination was not a matter of enthusiasm but of acceptance of the inevitable. In fact, there are millions of Republicans whose enthusiasm for the candidate is a kind of enthusiastic desperation. They do not know quite how they got him, but they feel sure in their boots that, if he doesn't win, the Republican party as it stands today is cooked.

At the same time many Republicans, including the present writer, to-

gether with independents who would certainly have voted Republican against a fourth term, find that they cannot support Mr. Dewey at all. In the aggregate, these number several million and their voice in November may be decisive. The present article is an effort to set forth, at least partially, their point of view.

One thing is certain: no substantial conclusions about this candidate can be reached merely by considering Mr. Dewey, the man. That he is an able man there is no question. In a narrow sense of the word, he is a splendid executive — that is to say, he is the kind of executive a corporation likes to have, *providing* the chairman of the

RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT, a native Pennsylvanian, was managing editor of *Fortune* magazine and chief editorial writer of *Life* magazine. He was coordinator of the pre-convention campaign to nominate Wendell Willkie, then personal representative and chief of research for the candidate.

board is a good policy man. For Mr. Dewey, precise as to detail, is weak on policy. His political rise has not been the result of strong ideological positions, political or moral, but rather of a political network, created by him over the course of years and capable of serving any idea or platform that necessity requires.

To understand Mr. Dewey, therefore, we must consider him in relation to his party. Of course, this is true of any Presidential candidate. Yet it is especially true of Mr. Dewey. A man of deep-seated convictions may be relied upon to fight for those convictions even within his party. But Mr. Dewey has never been known as a man of deep-seated convictions; almost every commentator will agree that he is a political pragmatist. Mr. Dewey's career in the Republican party has been, and will continue to be, a series of "practical" compromises, the chief purpose of which will be, not the achievement of an ideological goal, but that most treacherous of political goals called "party unity." When all these compromises have been added up, it will be found that Mr. Dewey represents the Republican party far more than he represents Mr. Dewey.

II

Let us, therefore, first have a look at the party.

It is now fairly clear that, during the coming campaign, the position of the Democratic party will be defensive in

character. The "brave new world" theme, so conspicuous in the days of the New Deal, has been relegated to the piccolo. The Democratic theme is the theme of *assurance*. The party that got us through the economic crisis of the 'thirties without a revolution, the party that got us through the world crisis of 1940-42 without a decisive defeat, will do well enough — so is the inference — in the troubled times that lie ahead.

The Republicans, on the other hand, are on the offensive. And the key to their attack is "The Peace." The war, they point out, will soon be over; it will result (with unspoken thanks to the Democrats) in a great victory; and the Republican party is the only political instrument capable of solving the riddle of "The Peace" — "the best peace," as Mr. Dewey has declared, "that the world has ever seen."

But one of the most important elements of "the best peace the world has ever seen" will be protection of the U. S. from future wars. And if we are going to follow Mr. Dewey to "The Peace," which means following the present Republican leadership which he so meticulously represents, we must have confidence that the Republicans understand war, the dangers of war, and how to protect the U. S. from those dangers.

And unhappily for the Republican "offensive," this is just where the candidate and his party are weakest. The hope that the Republicans will know how to protect the U. S. from

future war is compromised by the Republican attitude toward the onset of the war in which we are now engaged. The Republican record in this regard has been printed many times and there is no need here to review it in detail. The Republicans voted against the arms embargo repeal in 1939. They voted against the alien ship seizure bill in 1941. And in the same year they voted against the amendment to the neutrality act permitting the indispensable arming of American merchant ships. All of these measures, vital to the preparation of the U. S., were successfully carried by the Democrats.

But even after the collapse of France in 1940, and despite the fact that their own Presidential nominee was insisting on selective service, the House and Senate Republicans voted against that bill, 98 to 53. And the next year, in August 1941 (four months before Pearl Harbor), when the *extension* of the selective service bill was up for vote, they opposed it, 142 to 27. As a result of the huge Republican majority against the indispensable training of our Army, that critical bill was passed by the House by the margin of one single vote—a vote on which hung, literally, the destiny of America. Many of the men who took this irresponsible position are now “leaders” to whom Mr. Dewey listens. Charles Halleck of Indiana, for example, has become chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee.

Of course, it is argued that all men make mistakes and that these “leaders” have now learned wisdom. Witness the fact that, though the House Republicans opposed lend-lease when it was first broached, they finally did vote for it. The Senate Republicans, however, actually voted 17 to 10 *against* this measure, which turned the tide of the whole war.

But even granting that the Republicans are capable of self-improvement, the citizen must somewhere set a limit to the “mistakes” that men in high office can make with impunity. When lend-lease was first proposed, Mr. Dewey, with the approval of the Old Guard, characterized it as a “so-called defense bill. . . . A grave blow, not only to national unity, but to all free government everywhere.” In making his outrageous statement Mr. Dewey showed himself clearly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. Whether he showed himself capable of governing the United States in modern times is not so clear. Indeed, it seems fair to say that a man capable of making such a basic “mistake” ought not to aspire to the Presidency.

And can it be argued seriously that the “leadership” with which Mr. Dewey has surrounded himself really wants to acquire wisdom in foreign policy? The Republican members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, in the order of their seniority, are:

Hiram Johnson of California, Arthur Capper of Kansas, Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, Wallace H.

White, Jr. of Maine, Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota, Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, and Warren R. Austin of Vermont. With the exceptions of Senators White and Austin, these men were active isolationists in pre-Pearl Harbor days, some of them the leaders of the isolationist movement; and only Senators Nye and Davis are up for re-election this year. The supposition that these isolationists have suddenly embraced a new international doctrine is almost politically irresponsible. And the hope that in the modern world of international turmoil they are capable of framing, or supporting, "the best peace the world has ever seen" is almost laughable.

All this comes to a point in a consideration of the Republican platform—a document of which the voter should beware. Here, with apparent candor, the Republican party states: "We favor responsible participation by the United States in postwar cooperative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to attain permanent peace with organized justice in a free world."

Clearly in the hands of men who believe that the responsibilities of the United States are world-wide, *and who would therefore be willing to forbear from the exercise of certain absolute powers that a sovereign nation is supposed to have (i.e., unlimited power to levy tariffs)*, this plank could mean much. But in the hands of men who

really believe that the responsibilities of the United States end a few hundred miles off our own shores, it would mean virtually nothing. Its ambiguity lies in the fact that, while apparently saying much, it really says very little.

For instance, what do the Republicans mean by "organized justice"? Do they mean an international court handing down *enforceable* decisions in international law? If so, what happens to the "sovereign" power of any nation that submits to the decisions of such a court? That the words "organized justice" are almost meaningless is shown elsewhere in the platform, where, by use of statements with which few Americans would care to take issue (on their face value) the Old Guard provides itself with wide avenues of escape.

Thus the platform announces that the Republicans are opposed to joining "a world state." This is a perfectly reasonable position in itself, yet the lack of definition leaves the door wide open for nationalistic jingoes to declare almost any kind of international organization a "world state." An international organization without any power could not function, but an organization *with* power does take on some of the characteristics of statehood. In this apparently innocuous phrase lie the seeds of many a purple passage in forthcoming debates in the Senate.

Equally disarming is the pledge to "sustain the Constitution of the United States in the attainment of our international aims." What American can

possibly disagree? Yet, fanatically interpreted (and your typical nationalist is always a fanatical constitutionalist), this clause could render us helpless to achieve international objectives with — for example — Russia, unless the latter were willing to bow to the U. S. Constitution, as it is at present written and interpreted.

But the framers of the platform really give their hand away in the statement that any treaty or agreement “to attain such aims” with any nation “or any association of nations” can be made, on the basis of the two-thirds rule, *only with the advice and consent of the Senate*. This is a fanatical plank. It gives to 33 men (one third of the Senate, plus one) the power to wreck all the rest of the world by an insistence on their particular ideas of what is “sovereign,” what is a “world state” and what the U. S. Constitution means. If the Republicans had a real intention of interpreting their foreign policy broadly they ought to have advocated, instead of this plank, an amendment to the Constitution providing for the ratification of treaties by a simple majority of both Houses.

The thesis that the Republicans have made their mistakes and are now ready to give their platform a broad rather than a narrow interpretation loses what force it has when subjected to the light of historical perspective. Historically, the Republicans were the “internationalist” party, in the sense that they were the first to see the

world-wide connections of U. S. industry and the bearing of these upon full employment. Out of hatred and jealousy of Wilson (precisely analogous to the party’s present attitude toward Roosevelt) the Republicans reversed their traditional policy in 1919, and under the leadership of Henry Cabot Lodge went isolationist. *Yet the Republicans turned to isolationism on a foreign plank which was as strong internationally as this one of 1944.* “The Republican party,” said the 1920 platform, “stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world.” It called for impartial international courts, “instant and general international conference whenever peace shall be threatened” and the exercise of “influence and power” for the prevention of war. So strong was this pledge that Republicans who had long worked in the internationalist cause, such as William Howard Taft and Elihu Root, assured the country that internationalist policies could best be achieved by the election of Warren G. Harding.

Yet scarcely a word of the pledge was kept.

Postwar disillusionment during the twenties, and depression-bred isolationism during the thirties, dominated both our political parties. The Republican liberals who have sought during the last four years to implant in their party the old, staunch Republican internationalism, are always keenly conscious of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt’s New Deal was isolationist dur-

ing the President's first two terms. It is clear to us that the Democratic party recognized the dangers that faced isolationist America *only just in the nick of time*. But the difference is that whereas the Democrats abandoned isolationism very late, the conservative wing of the Republican party, which now dominates, never did abandon it, even when Europe fell, and has shown no real evidence of having abandoned it yet.

III

If now we turn back from this brief consideration of the party to the man at the head of it, the reason for the chagrin of the Republican liberals becomes clear at once. The Republican liberals are accustomed to an atmosphere of isolationism, like stale cigar smoke, all around them. We have learned how to breathe this atmosphere, and still live. To put it another way, we are conditioned to fighting for certain principles within our own party, which we believe to be essentially Republican principles. And, rightly or wrongly, we believed that if a liberal victory could be won, and the election carried, the international cause would prevail in the party as a matter of policy.

But we know also, from sad experience, that if the party's view on foreign policy is to be broadened, somebody has to fight for that view within the party, and fight for it hard and consistently. The party "leaders," with their lessons behind them, might

well follow a leader bigger than themselves in a more promising direction than America-alone. But is Mr. Dewey the man to provide this new and dynamic thrust?

Possibly some of Mr. Dewey's closest advisers know what he thinks about foreign policy, though it is hard to get any two of them to agree. In any case the public has no idea of it. Mr. Dewey's trail in this wilderness has been a winding one, and has wandered, or has been deliberately blazed, on both sides of every important issue. He has been isolationist and internationalist. He has been for alliances and against them. He was against lend-lease and then for it. He has been anti-Russian and pro-Russian. *He has never once provided leadership on a major issue in foreign policy. And on no major issue in foreign policy has he taken a consistent position.*

That kind of leadership is precisely the opposite of what — in the liberal Republican view — the party needs. A political wit once described Mr. Dewey as "a disaster looking for a place to happen." If Mr. Dewey "happens" in November, the Republican party will provide the balance of this formula.

The Dewey record of vacillation could be documented *ad nauseam* from the candidate's speeches and pronouncements. But since the confines of this article do not permit of lengthy documentation, the present case can be concluded with four summary truths. These are:

1. During the critical period from

1938 to about 1942, Mr. Dewey had no idea whatever of the dangers that faced his country. His patriotism, one must assume, is beyond question. Yet a patriot who had so little understanding of the world situation in 1940 that he could invoke the old "no entangling alliances" phrase (which he incorrectly attributed to George Washington) is not a patriot to inspire confidence in the international future.

2. As a result of his basic ignorance of world affairs, and of the U. S. relationship to them, Mr. Dewey played politics with foreign policy. He doffed and donned the cloak of internationalism *at his own convenience and for his own purposes*. And as his associates know, this doffing and donning was done with his eye fixed on the popular polls.

This willingness to play politics with the fundamental interests of the country disqualifies him as a statesman. A very recent example was his sudden, ill-informed statement that the Dumbarton Oaks conference on international organization was planning "to subject the nations of the world, great and small, permanently to the coercive power of the four nations holding this conference. . . . There appears to be a cynical intention that the four great Allied powers shall continue for all time to dominate the world by force." To anyone familiar with international negotiations from Teheran onward, this statement was merely ridiculous. Mr. Dewey, as a statesman, might well have en-

tered a plea for the quick and just recognition of the small nations. But Mr. Dewey, the politician, went far beyond this to seek a dramatic political issue which did not really exist.

3. In the field of foreign policy, as of the present writing, Mr. Dewey has not offered the voters *anything better* than Mr. Roosevelt offers them. In this field Mr. Roosevelt can cover his every bet — not with anything challenging or new, but simply by invoking the practical working arrangements that the Administration has set up with our partners during the war.

And here we put our finger on the real weakness of the Republican case, as represented by Mr. Dewey. The candidate has chosen "The Peace" as the key to his offensive, yet he has not really got any issue to make about "The Peace."

Of course, the Republicans did have a real peace issue, had they wanted to avail themselves of it. That was the issue in Wisconsin. The Willkie position before and during the Wisconsin primary was that, for a decade, Mr. Roosevelt and the State Department had misapprehended the American rôle in world affairs; that they had hedged, sidled, and vacillated; that even during the war they had had recourse to expediency and diplomatic pragmatism, which, in effect, were depriving the American people of world leadership and *therefore* involving us in new wars in the future. Mr. Willkie sought to convince the Republican party that in its own im-

mense traditions, and in the policies and aspirations of its own statesmen before World War I, it had a better concept of the mechanisms and responsibilities of peace than the Roosevelt administration. His *One World* was an attempt to shadow forth the logical evolution of American republicanism, which had been first developed by McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Taft, and Elihu Root.

But the Willkie effort to draw this fundamental issue against the Administration was defeated by the Republicans themselves. And therewith the party retired to an interior position, offering nothing in foreign policy that the Administration does not already offer. Moreover, the Administration makes its offer with a record of accomplishment behind it. The best that the Republicans can do, under Mr. Dewey, is to promise us that some of the backward brothers can be induced to come along at least as far as the Administration.

4. In the light of what happened in Wisconsin, where the Republicans rejected the real issue against Mr. Roosevelt, it is clear what the candidate has in mind when he talks about the "best peace the world has ever seen." It is clear, that is, that he is not thinking about "The Peace" at all. He is thinking about something that might more aptly be described as "After the War."

Mr. Dewey is a prosecutor and has often exhibited prosecutor psychology. He likes to "clean things up" —

forcefully and dramatically. There is no denying that *after the war* a lot of cleaning up will be necessary. Nor is there much doubt but that, in times of established peace, Thomas E. Dewey could do the clean-up job spectacularly well. But the fact is that the times we are facing after the war will not be times of established peace. They will be times of *peace-building* — a very different thing. And for such times, what the country needs is not a clean-up man but a policy-maker.

The fact that the Old Guard have chosen a clean-up man to lead the party in one of the most unsettled times in the nation's history, indicates clearly enough that, in their congenital unawareness of the world situation, they have almost no idea of the times we face. The kind of peace that the Old Guard has in mind when it talks about peace is a Calvin Coolidge peace: a state of rest, so to speak, during which a good executive could indeed do wonders for the country.

But this has no more to do with the kind of peace that we actually face than the Old Guard's view of the war had to do with the war that we were then facing.

IV

Many analysts will disagree with this diagnosis of Mr. Dewey's weakness. They will point out — and popular polls will support them — that if the war is entirely over before election the people will go for a Republican

President anyway. There is indeed little doubt at the present writing that if the war were to end, a lot of Americans would feel that Mr. Dewey was good enough.

Much depends, of course, on how the Democrats handle their campaign. If they hide the complexities of "The Peace" from the public eye, the public may well go along on the fallacy that Mr. Dewey and his party are just as well equipped as anybody else to run America in the postwar era. If, on the other hand, the complexities are revealed in their full, and sometimes ghastly, light, voters will hesitate to entrust peace to a young man who didn't understand the danger of war, dominated by a party in which the lines of force all converge on the idea of America-alone.

In any case, those of us who have fought the international fight within the Republican party for the last many years are not going to be fooled. We have too often seen those isolationist lines of force destroy the pro-

gressive and forward-looking policies that the liberal wing of the party developed.

Most of us would probably agree that if we had to have Thomas Dewey for President, the time to have him is right now during the war: for the established military leadership of our country, geared to the military leadership of our Allies, is quite capable of carrying on, and would be very difficult to deflect.

But the one time we don't want Mr. Dewey is after the war is over. Then, amid the turbulent domestic and foreign problems that are certain to arise we want someone with a good head for *policy* — whether that head be the result of wisdom or merely of experience.

We don't want a brilliant prosecutor who — for all we know to the contrary — would proceed to prosecute out of existence everything that we have fought to achieve.

For us — perhaps for the nation as a whole — that would not be peace.



CIRCUMFERENCE

SHE lives
in a world so small
that the wind of its whirling
swirls around her like
a wall.

— MARY POOLE

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

BY ARTHUR BRONSON

At sixty-two, Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski is still essentially a headstrong youth. His public life for the past thirty-five years has been a series of storms and stresses, largely self-induced. Yet he is one of the greatest living orchestral conductors, and has written a distinguished chapter in American musical history. One salient characteristic, however, has marked Stokowski's career. On and off the podium, the accent has always been on youth.

The last decade alone reveals the restless energy of the man and the artist — his startling break with the Philadelphia Orchestra after twenty-nine years, during which he built it from a second-rank ensemble into one of the world's great musical organizations; the remarkable creation of two superb All-American Youth Orchestras, and their tours of North and South America; his participation in the provocative music-film *Fantasia*, and his co-conductorship with Arturo Toscanini of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. And on the more personal side, his sensational, sentimental journey through Europe with Greta

Garbo, and his own début as an actor in the movies. Stokowski is still bustling about with almost boyish energy. His present concern, undertaken in a burst of philanthropy, is the building (without compensation) of a precedent-making civic orchestra for New York City.

When Stokowski originated youth concerts with the Philadelphia Orchestra eleven years ago, he entrusted their full administration to young people, even to planning the programs, writing the program notes, arranging the seating, and handling the publicity. He has always favored young men in his orchestra, too. Some of the Philadelphia Orchestra's first desk men today were hired by Stokowski when still in their teens. He encouraged some of his young players to become conductors — such as trumpeter Saul Caston, now the Philadelphia Orchestra's associate conductor; violinist Jacques Singer, who stepped from the second violins to the podium of the Dallas Symphony; and pianist Sylvan Levin, conductor of the Philadelphia Opera Company. This doesn't mean, however, that Stokow-

ARTHUR BRONSON is now on the editorial staff of *Variety*. He was for many years assistant dramatic and music editor of the *Philadelphia Record*.

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ski is in the habit of encouraging competition with himself. His friendship for Hans Kindler, once his first cellist and boon companion, cooled appreciably when Kindler subsequently became the conductor of another major orchestra, the National Symphony of Washington.

In his personal life, too, Stokowski has been obsessed with a passion for keeping young. He has a health complex, and at times has gone in for Spartan diets of nuts and vegetables, and wood-chopping sessions on the estates of his Main Line friends. He has always lived simply and quietly, observing regular hours and habits. In recent years he has taken to resting in bed a good deal, even doing much of his work there.

Stokowski has always looked younger than his years, so that the change in his birth date in reference books, quietly managed some years ago to represent him as five years younger, has mostly passed unnoticed. A woman reporter in New York recently described Stokowski as "still young and glamorous at ten paces." When he came to Philadelphia in 1912 at the age of thirty, Stokowski looked twenty-two. In those days his blond hair was plastered down on his well-shaped head to accentuate his youthfulness. The more familiar aureole, at first spun-gold, now platinum, came later.

Stokowski's youthful spirit has shown itself in a consistently progressive attitude throughout his musical career. He was the first prominent

conductor to make recordings; he was among the earlier converts to radio. His interest in radio carried him into electrical research, into the study of engineering problems and the control systems in broadcasting. With *Fantasia* Stokowski developed an improved sound system introduced for the first time into movie houses. Even before *Fantasia*, the maestro's scientific dabblings with Philadelphia engineers and the Bell Telephone Laboratories had carried him so far afield that, at his attorney's advice, he had himself incorporated in 1932 under the laws of the State of Delaware as "Music and Radio Research, Inc." This led one music critic to begin a concert review with: "A Delaware corporation conducted yesterday's Philadelphia Orchestra concert in the Academy of Music — Leopold Stokowski."

When most conductors still relied on European-trained musicians for their orchestras, Stokowski was seeking, finding, and engaging talented young Americans. He employed young women as well as young men for his Philadelphia Orchestra, and auditioned Negro players for his youth orchestras. Stokowski had always insisted that there was a wealth of young musical talent in this country that needed only a chance, and with his youth orchestras he proved it brilliantly. He likewise favored American music and was long the champion of the newly arrived composers and of modern music. His advocacy of these has often brought him into violent

collision with orchestra boards of conservative taste, from his first conducting days in Cincinnati in 1909 down to his recent engagement with the NBC Symphony when he presented Arnold Schönberg's new, dissonant, and highly controversial piano concerto under the guns of official disapproval.

Stokowski took his stand on the side of youth last winter (perhaps this time with tongue in cheek) when the New York Philharmonic's Artur Rodzinski (whom Stokowski had originally brought from the Warsaw Opera to be his assistant in Philadelphia) rashly declared that *boogie-woogie* was "the greatest contributing factor to juvenile delinquency and war degeneracy among American youth today." Calling *boogie-woogie* "a part of our folk music," British-born Stokowski defended it warmly, at the same time blandly sideswiping Rodzinski by a reference to "those foreigners who do not seem to understand how rich the United States is in folk music." That remark landed Stokowski in the news pages, which was probably just what he wanted. His ability to attract the limelight has been the envy of many of his competitors and the despair of a few. He might leave the Philadelphia Orchestra for a few weeks or for most of a sabbatical season in the interests of his movie-making, but within a few days of his return, his concerts would be in the news.

It might be as simple a story as the rearrangement of the orchestra's seating, or the more sensational report

(afterwards proved a canard) that in order to get the right atmosphere for some Oriental music the maestro had caused large pots of exotic incense to be burned during rehearsals.

II

Although he would deny it bitterly and with indignant honesty, Stokowski is innately a talented exhibitionist and an inspired showman. Some of his activities have been employed in the interest of great music. Others have been altogether a play to the galleries. Stokowski has been freely criticized for his showman's traits — when he first discarded the use of a score at concerts (now standard practice with most conductors); when he dispensed with a baton and started molding music in thin air with his "butterfly" hands; when he lectured his audiences for being late, or noisy, or apathetic; and when he tried a darkened hall, then a lighted one, and then an arrangement in which a spotlight was focused on the conductor with the house in darkness and the musicians playing by desk lights.

Some of his antics have bordered on the cheap and the ridiculous, especially the spotlight incident and the filming of the maestro's hands in the Bach sequences of his first movie, *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. There was also the amiable monstrosity in *Fantasia*, when a carnival of Disney centaurs, nymphs and cherubs with dimpled backsides illustrated Beethoven's great *Pastoral* symphony.

In his public relations Stokowski has often been capricious and inconsistent, perhaps as part of his showmanship, perhaps as a matter of pure whim. At times he might deprecate applause. ("This strange beating together of hands has no meaning.") Sometimes he would welcome the hissing of a new work. ("I am glad. It is so much better than apathy.") At other times, this would make him furious.

Besides lecturing his audiences, Stokowski made speeches to his orchestra players at rehearsals, lengthy dissertations on metaphysics, religion, Oriental art, or anything else calculated to put them into the right mood for the music. He affected odd costumes, assumed little mannerisms, and adopted an exotic, pseudo-Continental accent that was strange indeed for the London-born, Cambridge-educated son of a Polish father and an Irish mother, who has spent practically all of his adult life in America.

Stokowski, like Lohengrin, has always made a great mystery of his birth and origins. In that connection a rumor once spread in Philadelphia that the maestro was a descendant of Richard Wagner. When asked about it, Stokowski would neither deny nor confirm the story. He embroiders the mystery among his friends by celebrating two birthdays. Born far from Russia, and, as far as anyone knows, in no way allied by blood or racial ties, the maestro observes one birthday by the Julian, another by the Gregorian, calendar.

But, eccentric and exhibitionist

that he consciously or unconsciously is, Leopold Stokowski is at the same time a great musician. Nothing less than one of the greatest conductors of our time could have gotten away with the foibles and tumults that have punctuated his career.

Consciously or not, Stokowski has always put himself in the path of publicity, though he violently disclaims any intention of seeking it. "I do not like the word 'advertising'," he once said. "That isn't what I'm interested in." But early in his career Stokowski was the first big conductor to become glamourized from coast to coast in a highly personal way in connection with the advertising of the Philadelphia Orchestra's recordings for Victor. Rumor has it that the late Edward Bok — editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and an almost abject Stokowski worshipper, who guaranteed the orchestra's expenses for many years — instigated this project and even paid for part of Victor's advertising out of his own pocket. Bok's son, the present Judge Curtis Bok, followed in his father's footsteps for a time as a great Stokowski disciple. Among the Bok coterie and their friends Stokowski was known and addressed simply as "Prince."

Yet, curiously enough, for all the hero worship, admiration, and acclaim that has been lavished on him by men and women all his life, Stokowski has few close friends today. Possessed of a witty, half-mystical, and (when he wants it to be) wholly charming and magnetic personality, Stokowski has

attracted friendship from among the talented, the beautiful, and the intelligent of several continents. Choosing his companions with the fastidiousness and something of the æsthetic detachment with which he might choose a necktie or one of the many sweaters he wears, Stokowski at first would welcome them warmly. His intimates were allowed to call him by one of his first names which he would allot them — this one would call him Anton, another Stanislaw, another “Stoky,” though curiously enough, rarely Leopold. Then, sooner or later, a chill would intervene. Stokowski’s chronic phobia — a fear of being exploited — would begin to extend unwarrantably to his intimates. He would break away, sometimes almost brutally. This complex has left him with many admirers and disciples, but few close friends.

Stokowski has stayed in character as the flaming, headstrong, and glorious young Apollo since he ascended the Cincinnati podium in 1909, after three years as organist of the fashionable St. Bartholomew’s Church in New York. His first shock delivered to conservative Cincinnati was what was then considered a radical innovation — an all-American program. He lectured Cincinnati audiences on their noisy rustling of program books. He quarreled with his board of directors. Then in 1912 he moved to even more conservative Philadelphia, to start in all over again.

The Quaker orchestra ranked far below the organization of Boston,

New York, or Chicago, all of which visited Philadelphia and took precedence over the local orchestra on its home grounds. From the first Stokowski set himself to the harsh but necessary task of lifting the orchestra out of the commonplace by a bold and ruthless weeding of its personnel and the transfusion of new young blood. He was a stern taskmaster, acquiring by his abrupt methods a reputation for severity bordering on sadism. But in amazingly short order, he built a brilliant ensemble. For his first desks he secured some of the most famous instrumentalists in the world. In players like oboeist Marcel Tabuteau, flutist William Kincaid, and trumpeter Saul Caston, Stokowski had artists of the first rank under his command. He knew it and always respected them.

Stokowski had not been in Philadelphia very long before friction with his board of directors began to develop. He insisted on more rehearsal time for his programs, which of course meant increasing the orchestra’s overhead. In 1916 he wanted to stage the first American performance of Gustav Mahler’s huge Eighth Symphony, which called for an augmented orchestra and a chorus of a thousand voices as well. The board objected. It would cost \$14,000 to put on the Mahler colossus in Philadelphia and another \$12,000 to take it to New York. But after a brief tug of war, Stokowski had his way. Not only was the venture a financial success in both cities, but it put the Philadelphia

Orchestra soundly on the artistic map, in New York as well as at home.

This, however, was only the beginning of a perennial dispute between maestro and directors about orchestra programs, centering mainly in Stokowski's desire to play new and unfamiliar music. At the beginning of one season the board issued a prospectus assuring subscribers of "safe" programs for that year. Stokowski, who hadn't been consulted, promptly defied the board with an unusual number of new works of a kind that had come to be known in Philadelphia as "debatable" music.

III

In his earlier Philadelphia period, relations between Stokowski and the substantial citizens who served on the board were smoothed by Edward Bok, who pampered the maestro's every wish, generally, however, to the artistic benefit of the orchestra. In later years majority control in the board became vested in a group of affluent, public-spirited gentlemen, in many cases musically illiterate, who tried to keep the orchestra's books neatly balanced and out of the red. It was inevitable that Stokowski's adventurous nature and his inclination to be reckless with other people's money when his art was at stake, should clash with such a group. And it was all the more inevitable because Stokowski in all his actions seemed to be regarding the orchestra as merely an auxiliary adjunct to himself.

As a parallel to the maestro's largely justified sense of his own worth, has been his insistence on being well paid for it. An unbounded appetite for money, both for its own sake and as a symbol of success, has characterized Stokowski's career almost from the beginning. Stokowski is believed to have earned more money than any other conductor of his time — possibly than any other conductor in history. It is estimated that his twenty-nine years in Philadelphia netted him nearly \$3,000,000 from conducting, recording, and radio engagements. In 1932 alone he is said to have earned \$200,000.

In spite of existing contracts which fixed his salary for various terms — and at a not unprincely figure — Stokowski was continually demanding more money of his board. On one occasion his justification was that Toscanini was being better paid. His contract of \$72,000 annually for ninety concerts was stepped up to \$110,000 for fifty-five concerts. Over a period of ten years Stokowski is said to have induced the board to cough up a cool three quarters of a million dollars *in excess* of the compensation fixed by his contracts. Against charges of greediness, the golden-aureoled maestro defended himself with calm assurance. "Babe Ruth and Charles Chaplin make a lot of money because they are unique entertainers," he said. "In my field I am a unique entertainer, too." On another occasion when a manufacturer on the board reproached him, Sto-

Stokowski replied, "You make money in your business. Why do you object to my making money in mine?" And yet, even in money matters there is no consistency about Stokowski. His private benefactions are said to be fairly generous. He conducted many children's, youth, and benefit concerts without fee, and now is offering his services to the New York City Orchestra gratis.

Stokowski's contributions to music through the encouragement of new composers cannot be overstressed. He gave the first American performances of Shostakovich's First, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies. He produced Alban Berg's provocative and controversial opera, *Wozzek* (Mrs. Edward Bok putting up the \$50,000 needed) and Carlos Chavez's ballet, *H.P.* Much music by Schönberg, Scriabin, Chausson, Rachmaninoff, and Stravinsky had its first performance at his hands. American composers were no less encouraged — Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Abram Chasins, Harl McDonald, Henry Hadley, and others.

The recent stir over Stokowski's performance of Schönberg's piano concerto with NBC was as nothing to the furore in Philadelphia in 1940 when Stokowski introduced the same composer's violin concerto there. Not only were the directors against the performance; they even refused to pay the royalties. It isn't generally known, but Stokowski paid them out of his own pocket. The work was re-

ceived with apathy mixed with a few boos and hisses, with a number of subscribers rising ostentatiously during the performance and walking out. This gave the maestro a chance to make another speech. "Why don't you give the piece a chance?" he asked. "That's the American way." Yet, a few weeks before, Stokowski had given some new music to a friend and asked him to look it over. In due course the friend reported he could make nothing of it. "Neither could I," said Stokowski. "I just wanted to see whether I was crazy or not." That music was the new Schönberg violin concerto.

As long as fifteen years ago, Stokowski was feuding with the Philadelphia board of directors about foreign tours. When he kept demanding a South American trip, the board made a survey (in 1936) to show a probable deficit of \$140,000 for such a trip. Stokowski was determined to prove the board wrong. In 1940 he organized his first Youth Orchestra. In the incredibly brief time of two rehearsal weeks, following a four months' country-wide search for talent, Stokowski whipped a hastily gathered ensemble of a hundred youngsters under twenty-five into a polished, vibrant, and exciting ensemble. In tone quality, balance, and unity of performance it rivaled the major orchestras whose members had been playing together for decades. Of course, Stokowski had buttressed his group with about a dozen seasoned Philadelphia Orchestra players in

key spots, but these were mostly young players of about the age limit of the orchestra and eligible to join.

When the new orchestra reached Philadelphia for a final concert after a long South American tour, Stokowski tasted triumph on the home grounds. The concert was a sensation. A jaded critic roused himself to call it "one of the most exciting things that has happened musically in this country in a generation. It is one more testimonial to the genius of one of the greatest conductors of all time."

To guarantee his tours with the Youth Orchestra, Stokowski had to raise money. The Columbia Recording Corporation is said to have advanced him \$25,000 on condition that he make recordings with his new group for them. Stokowski is said to have laid out another \$50,000 from his own pocket. He got his investment back, but no more. The enormous amount of time, energy, and talent that he lavished on the youth ensemble was without financial profit. Tying up with Columbia when all of his famous Philadelphia Orchestra

recordings had been made with Victor, added more fuel to the fire burning between Stokowski and the board and undoubtedly hastened the maestro's final departure from the Philadelphia scene in 1941.

Nevertheless, in the final analysis, Leopold Stokowski created the Philadelphia Orchestra; the orchestra did not create him. Given the same kind of support, financial and moral, Stokowski could probably have created an equally great ensemble anywhere. He organized, trained, and developed the Philadelphians into a superb instrument, one of the great ensembles of the world, which the late Sergei Rachmaninoff called "the Stradivarius of orchestras."

Now, with Stokowski all set to do great things for the latest city of his adoption, those who know him best are predicting that New York may be in for an exciting time. His connections with the new New York City Orchestra will undoubtedly produce chapters of great music. They may also produce moments of fierce feuding. But in any case, life with Stokowski will be anything but placid.



Peace—

All men desire peace, but very few desire those things that make for peace.

— THOMAS À KEMPIS

If they want peace, nations should avoid the pin-pricks that precede cannon shots.

— NAPOLEON I

THE O'CONNELL MACHINE IN ALBANY

BY CHARLES VAN DEVANDER

It's probable that no other American community ever has been subjected to as intensive a scrutiny of its civic life as has been given this summer and autumn to the affairs of Albany and Albany County, New York. In this investigation, a drab, uninspiring community of 130,000 population has been thrust forward unwillingly as a national "Exhibit A" of the evils of municipal rule by a political boss.

The circumstances which have cast the capital city of the Empire State in this rôle are obvious:

(1) This is a Presidential election year.

(2) The Republican Presidential candidate, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, scampered close to the top of the political ladder as a youthful crusader against "corrupt political machines," and much of his popularity throughout the country still rests on his fame as a political "gang buster."

(3) Albany, his gubernatorial seat, has been controlled completely for some twenty-five years by a typical boss-ridden political gang—the O'Connell machine—which exhibits

on a smaller scale all the evils that are usually found in big-city machines, and which has long been overripe for investigation. The Albany machine is Democratic, although, as it happens, other up-State New York cities—Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo, for instance—are controlled by equally effective Republican machines.

Given these factors, a full dress investigation of Albany County this year under Governor Dewey's auspices was of course inevitable. It actually began in March, after a good deal of preliminary preparation. Since then it's been moving at blitz speed.

A special grand jury had probed into payroll-padding, favoritism in tax assessments, vote frauds, theft and misuse of campaign funds and protected crime and gambling. Persons who couldn't be reached otherwise have been snagged for income tax evasion. No one has gone to jail as this is written in late August, but some of those under indictment and awaiting early (pre-election) trials are the mayor, corporation counsel and water commissioner of Albany, the Democratic boss of Cohoes, a city in Al-

CHARLES VAN DEVANDER is chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Post*, and a recognized authority on state and municipal machines. His book, *The Big Bosses*, is the most recent treatise on them. He now is covering Mr. Dewey's campaign for the Post.

bany County, and his tax assessor, the de facto secretary of the Albany County Democratic Committee, the principal "mouthpiece" of the O'Connell machine, and assorted thieves and gamblers who had operated in the past without much interference from O'Connell-dominated law enforcement officers. Moreover, the O'Connell district attorney of Albany County has resigned and been replaced by a Dewey appointee.

Albany Democrats, at this writing, are scornful of the results of the investigation; they characterize most of the indictments as "phonies" which won't stand up in court, and predict that few if any of the accused persons will go to jail. Dewey's energetic investigators — all of them young and ambitious — smile confidently and assert that they're just getting warmed up. There'll be more "Black Fridays," they promise (the special grand jury has handed up most of its indictments on Fridays), and there'll be convictions, too.

II

Four brothers, Edward J., Daniel P., Patrick J. and John J. O'Connell founded the Democratic machine at a time when a strong Albany Republican organization bossed by William Barnes was beginning to break up under the double impact of graft prosecutions and inner rivalries. Dan O'Connell, last of the brothers to exercise political power in Albany, was the first of them to break through the

lines of the dying Republican machine. Just back from World War service in the Navy, he campaigned in his sailor's uniform in 1919 and won election as one of the three members of the city's tax assessment board. His choice of this post was significant in view of the use which the O'Connells later made of the tax assessment rolls as a means of subjecting Albany citizens to their will.

The O'Connells completed their conquest of the city with the election of a Democratic mayor, William Hackett, in 1921. Throughout the state Democratic régimes of Governors Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert H. Lehman, the brothers not only controlled their own political domain but were admitted to full participation with the New York City bosses in the statewide decisions of the party. While Ed, Dan and Patrick devoted their attention to the political machine, the fourth brother, John "Solly" O'Connell, went in for big-time gambling.

Manipulation of voting returns through heavily padded registration lists and ballot-box stuffing is one method by which the O'Connell machine has maintained its grip on Albany County. For many years the number of names registered and the number of votes cast in Albany in proportion to population has been the highest in the country.

The population of the city of Albany in 1940 was 130,577 and 79,821 votes were counted, — an incredible figure.

Because of the machine's use of tax assessments to reward property owners who voted right and to punish those who registered as Republicans, wise and frugal home owners in New York's capital city long ago learned not to enroll as Republicans. Preliminary investigation of the assessment rolls in 1943, after racket-buster Dewey took office as the first Republican governor since 1922, not only revealed hundreds of cases of gross discrimination, but it also disclosed the pattern by which the O'Connell organization operated the racket. Most protests or appeals for reduction of assessments were notarized by Democratic ward leaders or county committeemen or by office-holders or favored lawyers of the O'Connell machine. The appellants thus identified as friends of the organization received uniformly favorable consideration. Large taxpayers usually hired O'Connell lawyers to represent them in assessment appeals.

Regularly each year, from 1932 to 1943, the New York Central Railroad received a reduction of \$1,000,000 in its Albany assessment. Each year the higher figure was fixed. Each year the railroad appealed. Each year it was represented by Robert E. Whalen, an attorney who is one of Dan O'Connell's intimates.

Once in this same period, the city was confronted with a court action in which another taxpayer sought to have the rule established that assessment valuations, once duly fixed, could not be raised except on the

ground of some definite increase in the value of the property. This was an effort to break up the practice of annual increases in assessments and annual reductions on appeal. The lawyer who, as special counsel, successfully defended the city's right to raise and lower assessments at will was the same Robert E. Whalen.

In October 1942, Dewey, running for governor, devoted a campaign speech to the Albany assessment racket and promised to clean it up if he were elected. Richard J. Lewis, who had been tax assessor since 1923, listened to the speech on the radio. He suffered a stroke later that night and died within two weeks.

During the 'twenties the O'Connell brothers controlled the highly profitable "Albany baseball pool," a numbers lottery which finally was broken up by Federal prosecution after it had spread over all the Middle Atlantic and New England states. Dan O'Connell served thirty days for contempt of court after refusing to answer questions in the course of the Federal prosecution. But the O'Connells's biggest bath of national publicity — prior to 1944 — followed the kidnaping of John J. O'Connell, Jr., the son and namesake of Solly, in 1933. Junior, then twenty years old, was taken to Hoboken and held until his family raised \$40,000 to ransom him. One report emanating from the underworld regarding the snatch was that Solly had welshed on a bet and that Junior was snatched as a method of inducing payment.

While Junior was being held, the kidnapers, by note, requested his family to publish a list of well known racketeers from which they could select an intermediary to carry on ransom negotiations. The first two lists were rejected, so that the O'Connells finally published thirty names before a satisfactory intermediary was chosen. Several of those listed were stalwarts of the O'Connell organization and one of them, James J. "Bindy" Reilly, leader of the Eleventh Ward, later on was appointed clerk of the New York Senate.

III

Throughout their political career the O'Connells have had a prosperous business in the Hedrick Brewery, which is owned in the family, and is managed at present by John J. O'Connell, Jr. The Hedrick company naturally has enjoyed a complete monopoly on the sale of draught beer in Albany.

The machine has an equally established monopoly on Albany city jobs. There are nineteen wards in the city — and there are nineteen Democratic aldermen. The board of aldermen is one of the most harmonious legislative bodies in the country. No one can remember when the last dissenting vote was cast. O'Connell henchmen hold most other city jobs, as well, and Democrats occupy 32 of the 39 seats on the Albany County Board of Supervisors.

The Albany machine has been a

regular target of Republican campaigners since the 'twenties. The unbelievable registration totals, the tax extortion and favoritism, the O'Connell beer monopoly, the admitted gambling interests of the brothers, the convictions obtained in the baseball pool case and the unsavory connections exposed by the kidnaping of Solly's son, have been hammered home time and time again during state as well as local campaigns. But the machine's grip never has been weakened. It has continued to turn in Democratic pluralities of 20,000 to 40,000, and its bosses have been among the recognized rulers of the Empire State during the long Democratic régime.

Ed O'Connell died in 1939. He was succeeded as county chairman by young John, the kidnap victim of six years earlier. But John concededly is a mere dummy for "Uncle Dan," the real boss of the machine. Dan perhaps chose to decline the official position of leader because of the annoying habit of Republican campaigners of referring to him as "the twice convicted Dan O'Connell" — both references being to contempt convictions in connection with the Federal baseball pool prosecution.

But Dan continued to exercise openly his power as the actual leader of the upstate Democratic strongholds. After Governor Lehman had refused to run for re-election in 1938, Dan was present with State Chairman James A. Farley and the New York City Democratic leaders when the big bosses of the state gathered in

Lehman's room at the convention hotel in Rochester and prevailed upon him to accept the nomination.

During the ensuing campaign, Republican candidate Dewey described in flavorsome detail how the "twice convicted" Albany leader sat on Governor Lehman's bed and pleaded with him to run just once more. Jim Farley disputed the accuracy of this description. "Dan," he said, "didn't sit on the bed — he sat on a chair." Dewey cheerfully accepted the correction.

Albany turned in a Democratic plurality of 28,000 in the 1938 election, accounting for almost one-half of Governor Lehman's margin of victory. Four years later Dewey was elected as Lehman's successor and he promptly began to translate into action his promises to clean up Albany County. But whether from necessity or design, Dewey delayed the real investigation until the spring of 1944.

During the fall of 1943 he began to pave the way for the showdown through the medium of three preliminary investigations. A special election frauds bureau of the attorney general's office seized the Albany registration books for 1942; the state tax department opened a formal inquiry into assessment abuses, and the state comptroller began hearings on a charge that municipal officials had diverted capital expense funds illegally to meet current expenses. The O'Connell machine made an impressive, but brief and ineffectual, show of fighting back through its control of the law

enforcement machinery in the county.

During most of the twenty-odd years that the O'Connells have reigned in Albany, the Republicans have controlled one or both houses of the State Legislature. And if there was corruption in the Albany municipal government, there also was corruption — equally apparent to any close observer — in the Republican-controlled Legislature. Democratic District Attorney John Delaney, publicly breathing fire, impanelled a grand jury to probe into the touchy subject of expenditures by the Legislature, and particularly by legislative committees, which usually have been controlled by Republicans.

Governor Dewey met the challenge of the Delaney grand jury investigation by appointing a Republican lawyer, Hiram C. Todd, as special prosecutor to take over the investigation of legislative spending. Delaney was specifically enjoined from interfering with Todd's work in any way, which left him nothing much to do but fret and twiddle his thumbs. Todd plunged into the deep pool of rumor and gossip concerning loose handling of legislative funds, and came up with an indictment against a former state senator — now surrogate — Roy M. Page, a Republican, of Binghamton, New York. Page, it was established, had collected some \$11,000 in kick-backs from legislative employees whom he sponsored. But at his trial, defense attorneys convinced a rural jury that the accused ex-senator had only followed a long-standing and well-established custom in the legislature. Sur-

rogate Page was acquitted and the Todd investigation suffered a sharp drop in prestige. But the Legislature, meanwhile, set up a joint committee of its own members, which is seeking to revise legislative spending procedure and reform some of the long-accepted customs.

IV

The main Dewey investigation leaped into activity early in this campaign year when a Buffalo Republican, Supreme Court Justice Parton Swift, was selected to preside at the special term of court. An ex-Dewey assistant in the New York City investigations, George P. Monaghan, was appointed as counsel. As his chief assistant he recruited a young member of the Albany Republican organization, Ernest B. Morris, who since has become district attorney of Albany County by appointment of Governor Dewey.

The Monaghan investigation is going along smoothly, evenly, steadily; working up to a crescendo obviously timed to crash resoundingly around the ears of the Democratic bosses just before the Presidential election in November.

The Albany water commissioner, one Frank J. Cassidy, was called before the special grand jury in an investigation apparently aimed at payroll-padding in his department. He refused to sign a waiver of immunity, standing on his constitutional privilege against self-incrimination. A decade ago Franklin D. Roosevelt, as governor at

the time of the famed Seabury investigation of New York City, had laid down the principle that any officeholder who refused to testify about his official acts was unfit to hold his job. This principle has since been written into the state constitution, and Cassidy unquestionably had rendered himself subject to removal by his refusal to testify. Acting Albany Mayor Frank J. Harris, however, ignored a demand that he fire Cassidy, whereupon Monaghan began an ouster proceeding in court. While this was pending Albany city officials created a new job of superintendent of water rent delinquencies and transferred Cassidy to that post, without change in his \$5,000 salary. Twenty-four hours later Acting Mayor Harris sent this terse message to former Mayor Erastus Corning II, who resigned last April to enter the Army:

"Dear Boss: Cassidy has been appointed and I have been indicted."

The indictment, which also included Cassidy and Albany Corporation Counsel James J. McGuinness as defendants, charged a conspiracy by the Albany officials to flout and obstruct the due administration of the constitution and laws of the State of New York.

Michael T. Smith, the 83-year-old Democratic leader of Cohoes, is a cartoonist's dream of a political boss, complete with paunch and diamond ring. He's an ally of the O'Connells, and a man of sufficient substance in the party to have been named delegate-at-large to the third-term Demo-

cratic National Convention in 1940. The Dewey crowd have indicted him, along with Albert Dingley, tax assessor of Cohoes, for conspiracy to pervert the assessment laws. Dingley, who turned state's witness, has confessed to taking the tax books to Mike's house and fixing up the assessments on a basis of rewarding Mike's friends and punishing his foes. Dingley also is charged with a felony for adding phony names to the voters' registration list, and Mike has been indicted as an accessory for hiding his fugitive tax assessor during a two-months' flight from the law.

Daniel H. Pryor, chief "mouth-piece" of the O'Connell ring, proved a Tartar in the path of Dewey's investigators for several months. At every step they found him throwing up a cloud of motions, petitions and applications designed to block the Albany probe. The Deweyites were delighted, to put it mildly, when they discovered that Pryor had neglected to file any state income tax returns for 1942 and 1943. His indictment for tax evasion was handed up while Pryor was engaged in the defense of ex-Senator Page.

William Gaulty, a "mystery man" who has done a six-figure business selling supplies to Albany, also has been indicted for tax evasion. The Dewey investigators had never heard of him until they came across his name on several lists of O'Connell campaign contributors. A routine check-up on his activities — including his tax records — followed.

V

The "Brass case," and the crack-down on the Albany "numbers" racket enter into the story because of the implications of lax law enforcement under the O'Connell régime. In the first of these cases, Monaghan's investigators discovered that a ring of thieves and receivers had been systematically looting the New York Central's Albany yards of brass in large quantities, and on some occasions hauling it away on railroad flat-cars. The total loot over a number of years was put at 6,500,000 pounds of brass, valued at 10 cents a pound. Indicted as head of the ring of thieves was Captain Joseph P. Boyle of the New York Central railroad police.

Operators of the "numbers" game, which had some 200 outlets through grocery, candy and stationery stores, were getting nervous by this time and were about to suspend operations when Monaghan raided their headquarters and obtained further evidence to bolster his theory that the Albany city administration was winking at law violations — at so much a wink. The raid yielded \$20,000 in currency and resulted in another series of indictments.

The brass theft and "numbers" indictments handed down by the grand jury both contained references to District Attorney Delaney's failure to act. Without waiting for this course of events to reach what seemed a fairly obvious conclusion, Delaney handed in his resignation, declaring

that he had no intention of letting himself be made a political football. It was then that Morris, 36-year-old assistant to Monaghan in the probe, was appointed to the office. He's a candidate for election to a full term this fall.

Most important of the indictments, for its direct implications as to the O'Connell machine, is the one that has been returned against John J. "Jack" Murphy. Jack holds down a \$7,000 sinecure as secretary of the Hudson River Regulating Board, a flood-control agency, but spends nearly all of his time at the headquarters of the Albany County Democratic Committee, where for several years he has been Dan O'Connell's right hand man. Among his functions is the receipt of campaign contributions. The investigators naturally looked into this matter. They were able to find contributors who swore that during the five years which constituted the open season under the statute of limitations, they had chipped in a total of \$45,000 which the O'Connell machine never had included in its statements of receipts and expenditures. An indictment was returned,

charging Murphy with grand larceny.

What will be the political effect of the Albany investigation?

Albany Democrats defiantly predict that locally its effect will be nil; that Albany juries will throw out most of the indictments, and the county will give Franklin D. Roosevelt a normal Presidential majority of around 15,000 and elect a new Democratic district attorney by a majority of 20,000 or better. They predict that if Dewey attempts to make political capital by holding up Albany as an example of Democratic boss rule, wounded home pride will turn Albany even more strongly against him.

Republicans retort that the lid on Albany corruption has barely been lifted, and that before November 7 such a mess of graft, favoritism and larceny will have been uncovered that even the loyal followers of the O'Connell machine will turn against it.

If the latter prediction is fulfilled, Albany can look forward to a "reform" administration after next year's municipal election. And Governor Dewey may pick up a few thousand votes in a close fight for New York's 47 Presidential electoral votes.



THE best political community is formed by citizens of the middle class. Those states are likely to be well administered in which the middle class is large, and larger if possible than both the other classes, or at any rate than either singly; for the addition of the middle class turns the scale and prevents either of the extremes from being dominant.

— ARISTOTLE

BOSTON'S SCOLLAY SQUARE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE visitor to Boston who does any casual strolling whatever is pretty sure to find himself in Scollay Square. He doesn't need to plan it so. He may even wish to avoid Scollay Square. But first thing he knows there he is in the middle of the most fearsome maze of streets, dead-ends, rookeries and rabbit-warrens in all North America, a thing, certainly of no beauty, but a wonder unique in cities of the United States. If Boston is the Hub of the Universe, then Scollay is the Hub of the Hub.

It is not given to man, even a Bostonian, to describe in anything like adequate terms the flavor of Scollay Square. A visitor might liken it to New York's Bowery, but if he did he would be no nearer the fact than if he likened it to the Place de la Concorde in Paris. True, it still musters a few employment offices, now fallen on hard times. It has garish penny-arcades, burlesque theatres, cheap hotels, tattooing parlors, gaudy movie houses, and more often than not a drunk asleep in the gutter. But Scollay Square has something else; and this other element, this overlying flavor or characteristic, is the largely unseen yet powerful sense of old things, ancient things by American

standards, many of them great and good things in the best sense, and as solidly American as corn meal and Medford rum. These press on Scollay Square from all sides, and Scollay has more sides than any other so-called square in the country, if not in the world.

Perhaps this indefinable feeling that inhabits Scollay lies in the realm of metaphysics, but it is as real as the cobblestones which have given kidney complaint to generations of drivers of herdics, coaches, and taxicabs. I am not given to undue whimsy, and never in my youth saw the shade of Dan'l Webster delivering an oration from the wrought-iron balcony of the Revere House of blessed memory. But if any reasonably sober man told me he had seen such a sight, I should readily believe him. Scollay exerts a potent influence. It is also the place where more men have become lost than in the Maine woods. One sees them occasionally, roaming aimlessly in attempts to discover the outlet from the Square that will lead them to the Parker House or to the North Station, gibbering, making motions, wildly gazing up at street signs which apparently conflict and give the direct lie to each other, until at last the lost

stranger, no matter how determined, is driven to ask a cop or bootblack to lead him, shaken and twitching, to the sudden peace and quiet of King's Chapel Burying Ground, less than five rods from where he was standing when he gave up and demanded succor.

Scollay wasn't always thus. For the first fifty years of Boston's existence it was a pasture, wherein the cows, true to bovine folkways, made winding paths. Then, before 1684, a schoolhouse was erected here, "against Captain Samuel Sewall's house." In 1753 the school was enlarged, and Samuel Holbrook made schoolmaster at an annual salary of £60. In 1790 this school was abandoned and William Scollay bought the building. This Scollay was the son of John, a selectman of Boston, and William was also prominent, for his name appears on the cornerstone of the new State House, laid July 4, 1795, as the Right Worshipful Master of a Masonic lodge. William also bought a row of buildings next to the schoolhouse, living in one of them and renting the others. They became known as the Scollay Buildings and were occupied for years by barbers, braziers, lawyers, and the largest tea store in the city.

In 1816 the old school building and other structures in the area were torn down to make a new street, Cornhill, and the Scollays received an indemnity. By this time scores of wood or brick buildings had risen beside the crooked cowpaths. Lawyers still infested them, and in one was the office

of Frank Gleason, who brought out the first pictorial newspaper in America. In 1838 the area officially became known as Scollay Square. Stages used it as a terminus, and a bit later it was the end of the line for the Middlesex (horsecar) Railroad.

II

In the early 1840's the followers of William Miller, the prophet of Doomsday, acquired a lot on Howard Street, leading to the Square, and erected their temple as a refuge for the chosen at the end of the world, which appeared imminent every little while until 1845. The temple then became a theatre which has just now completed its ninety-eighth season as the Old Howard. Large hotels went up, the American House in 1835, the Quincy, the Crawford, the Revere following. (The Revere House was on Bowdoin Square, at one time distinct from though adjacent to Scollay, but today no man can say where Scollay leaves off and Bowdoin begins.) To these hotels, then the finest in New England, came the great of the nation, where they rode, in the Crawford, in what is said to have been the first passenger elevator in the country; and enjoyed at the Revere House its high wide rooms and notable hospitality — people like the Grand Duke Alexis, the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), the singers Patti, Tittjens, and Nilsson, Presidents Pierce and Fillmore, and the great Webster himself, reckoned by most Yankees of the time as their

most eminent man, and jovial, too, especially so at the Revere House, where the punch was stout and the tumblers large.

Facing Scollay Square from the upper side for half a century was Austin & Stone's Museum, an institution to be compared favorably with Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill Monument. It combined variety shows with an ever-changing Congress of Freaks, of whom Karmi, the Sword Swallow, still lives in nearby Malden. No country boy come to Boston missed Austin & Stone's. Over the entrance to this place was a small coop wherein sat three musicians who for thirty-eight years drank one beer or whisky on the hour and half-hour and played the same tune over and over. I had the great honor once to buy one of these artistes a beer. He was a small, moth-eaten man, fragrant of hops and rye, and he told me that in twenty-two years neither the personnel of the three-piece band nor its one-piece repertoire had undergone a change. Today no one seems to recall what that one tune was, but all agree that it was never heard elsewhere. I asked this musician about the show in Austin & Stone's, but he said he had never seen it.

The indisputable genius of Austin & Stone's was Professor William S. Hutchings (1832-1911), a man of small stature but of vast powers and great dignity. He was the Lecturer, coming to that height by way of Barnum & Bailey, for whom he had been The Boy Lightning Calculator. The Pro-

fessor's lectures on the freaks on view at Austin & Stone's were wonders of polish, erudition, and grave amazement. Nine times a day, six days a week, he lectured on ten different freaks, and to hear him was to marvel. Students of forensic at Harvard were urged by their professors to listen to Professor Hutchings, and none needed urging who once came within range of his powerful though cultured voice. "Now for the Ossified Man," the Professor would remark. "The Ossified Man. *Os* is from the Latin. *Os* means bone. Full of bones. Full of bones. The Latin is dead, but the Ossified Man still lives. O, God, 'tis wonderful, wonderful!" Frank Buxton (Harvard 1900), now editor of the Boston *Herald*, recalls that the Professor's calling on Deity to witness the wonders of the Museum, was done with such reverence as never to shock the *mores* of the customers. And when he came to the Egyptian Chess Player, the Professor opened up with everything, and before he was done the gaping yokels from Lakeport, New Hampshire, and Mattawaumkeag, Maine, had received a solid grounding not only in the history of chess, but also in the history of Egypt, its rulers, philosophy and customs, punctuated at proper intervals by the pounding of the Professor's gold-headed cane.

Across the Square from Austin & Stone's was the Nickelodeon, perhaps the first so named in this country. Here for five cents one saw a variety show, but it never developed remarkable characters like Professor Hutch-

ings. Waldron's Casino, once home of wheel burlesque, now plays Italian language movies — or did until recently; and the Bowdoin Square Theater, where Dave Marion, Sliding Billy Watson, and Al Reeves once cavorted, also has been reduced to movies. The ancient Crawford House still stands, dingy and weatherbeaten, but doing very well with a night club.

III

Standing in Scollay Square today one can walk a few rods in any direction and come square into antiquity, or history. Along the brief course of Cornhill (to which "street" is never appended) are second-hand bookshops, notable among them Colesworthy's, established in 1837 and still in the same family. Next door is the Phoenix Coffee Mills where, if one is prepared to stand and not sit, one can drink the best cup of coffee in town. The Phoenix has been serving coffee for almost ninety years.

A few steps down Tremont, one immediately drops out of the hurdygurdy of Scollay and faces squat, black old King's Chapel, whose bell, by Revere, has a deep and haunting voice, and the Chapel Burying Ground, where lie the remains of the Colonial Governors Winthrop and Endecott, and those of William Dawes, he who rode that night with Revere but had no immortalizing agent like Longfellow. A few feet away is Tremont Temple, where everyone from Methodist bishops to Joe Knowles, the old

Nature Man, have held forth. Across Tremont is the Old Granary Burying Ground, where sleep the so-called martyrs of the so-called Boston Massacre. Paul Revere rests there, too, and so does the man who planned and agitated the Revolution — Samuel Adams. On the next corner, locally known as Brimstone, is Park Street Church.

Or, walk up the slope from Scollay. Here on the back side of Beacon Hill, much of it once the farm of the great John Cotton, is an amazing variety of things — the staid office of Calumet & Hecla, whose genius was Alexander Agassiz; Ford Hall, the Boston City Club, and the Swedenborgian Society with its startling sign: HEAVEN & HELL. Down hill are Bulfinch Street and Bulfinch Place, on one of which used to stand two stone dogs on guard at the front of what generations of Harvard men knew as a place of ill repute and excellent entertainment. In this area the old William Tell House still stands, a stopping place for theatrical people since the days of James K. Hackett's father. Here too is Bulfinch Place Chapel, "In the West End 115 Years." Where Bulfinch Street emerges to the Square — here technically Bowdoin Square — is the new Telephone Building, embedded in its side a bronze plaque to one of the city's most illustrious citizens of all time, Charles Bulfinch, the architect, whose home stood here.

Great preaching has been heard in these parts, too. A few steps down Brattle Street stood the Brattle Square Church, organized in 1665, where

later preached such men as Edward Everett and John G. Palfrey, great names in New England still. During the siege of Boston (1775-76) a cannon ball heaved from Cambridge by Colonel Knox's artillery bedded in the side of Brattle Square Church and there it remained until 1871, when the structure was torn down.

Down the murky reaches of the preposterously designated Franklin Avenue — exactly 9 feet 6 inches wide, over all — was the office of the *New England Courant*, James Franklin, Prop., whose brother Ben was printer's devil. Nearby was the office of Eades & Gill, printers, where met the Tea-Party Men to don their disguises.

One side of Scollay Square is Court Street, once Prison Lane, where the colonial lockup stood. Captain Kidd peered through its bars to watch Scollay's cows and city-rustics in 1699, and Hawthorne described the gaol in *The Scarlet Letter*. In 1836 five pairs of horses champed their bits and sixty-five yoke of oxen chewed their cuds, after delivering to the Square (at two to the load) the huge columns of granite they had hauled overland from Quincy for the new Court House. It must have made one of the great scenes Scollay has witnessed. Through this street hurried the mobs in a vain attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, Negro, from the slave catchers, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and others were arrested and charged with "obstructing the process of the United

States." Other mobs ran through the Square to Fanueil Hall, less than a stone's throw, to listen while "a Gentleman in a Red Wig," who was probably Samuel Adams, gave an incendiary harangue, then proceeded to the Old State House and the Boston Massacre. For more years than men can remember the Ancient & Honorable Artillery Company paraded through Scollay from their Headquarters in Fanueil Hall, from the cupola of which the famous grasshopper weathervane of Deacon Shem Drowne still marks the winds.

It was through Scollay that Dr. Parkman walked, with his long and quick strides, on that fatal day in 1849, on his way to Harvard Medical College, to see Professor Webster. The Professor was ready for him, that day, too, and Dr. Parkman hasn't been seen since, although the Professor was hanged for murder and went into history as the only murderer to perform while a member of Harvard College Faculty.

IV

The character of Scollay Square changed slowly until 1903, when things sort of went to pieces. In that year the bronze statue of Governor John Winthrop, the work of Richard S. Greenough, was removed from the Square because of congested traffic conditions and work on the East Boston Tunnel. Newer hotels and theatres and shops drew citizens and visitors farther south. The Revere, American,

Crawford and Quincy Houses (all hotels) became second-rate. Pawn shops and employment offices moved into the Square, and there they remain, along with passport photo places, five-cent hamburger joints, shooting galleries, slum-jewelry joints, aromatic eating dives and saloons, display windows of trusses, signs of doctors asking "Why Wear a Truss?", tattooing parlors ("See Dad Upstairs"), two-pants clothing stores — and noise. The noise comes from what are doubtless the roughest cobblestones in all geology, bumping the trucks and drays and cabs which weave and bounce through the Square in endless procession, day and night; from the rumble of subway trains; from the loudest

penny-arcades ever heard; from street hawkers and newsboys whose A's are broad and voices terrific; from Salvation Army bands and their street evangelists.

Still looking down onto the Square are many buildings which have known better days and seen better things than the present. In spite of the shoddy present, these old structures made of eighteenth century brick retain a dignity, an aloofness, a staid old-time-ness that is sure to strike the reflective visitor or citizen, especially at high noon, each weekday, when the deep, mellow peals of P. Revere's masterpiece announce that King's Chapel belfry remains the same, no matter what has happened to Scollay Square.



Autobiographies—

If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own — the road to immortal renown lies straight, open, and unencumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple — a few plain words — "My Heart Laid Bare." But — this little book must be true to its title.

— EDGAR ALLAN POE

If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document.

— A. C. BENSON

THE SOUTH'S ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

By DONALD M. NELSON

ONLY a few years ago the South was America's Economic Problem Number One. Its economic position had not changed very much from the 1880's, when the famous Georgia orator, Henry W. Grady, was able to describe a Georgia funeral as follows:

The grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone came from Vermont. It was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. An iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws and shovels came from Pittsburgh. With hardwoods and metals abounding, the corpse was hauled on a wagon that came from South Bend, Indiana. A hickory grove grew near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. The cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati; the coat and breeches from Chicago; the shoes from Boston, the folded hands were encased in white gloves from New York, and round the poor neck, that had borne all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity, was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. All that the South contributed to the funeral of one of its sons was the corpse and the hole in the ground.

That was the South of not very long ago. Today the picture is very different. The South is no longer America's Economic Problem Num-

ber One, but America's Economic Opportunity Number One. It has always had great material resources and a favorable climate. But now it has in addition two other resources that it once lacked. Today, largely as a result of the war, it has industrial know-how on a large scale, both among managers and workers. Today it has substantial accumulations of regional capital. Throughout history, resources, know-how and capital have always been an unbeatable economic combination. Add the fact that the level of per capita purchasing power is rising more rapidly in the South than in any other great region and I say flatly that the South cannot be prevented from moving swiftly into an era of industrial and social development that will astound the world, and add enormously to the strength of this virile democracy of ours.

The war, of course, has already had an explosive effect on the industrialization of the South. When the fog of conversion cleared away after Pearl Harbor, the South found itself committed to a large number of unexpected jobs, and it tackled these jobs

DONALD M. NELSON has been chairman of the War Production Board since January 1942. This article is the substance of an address he made in Atlanta earlier this year.

with all its energy and is doing them well. A bird's-eye view of large-scale Southern industry makes you feel that the South has rubbed Aladdin's lamp. The mere size of the plants is astounding. The largest combination powder and explosive plant in the country is near Birmingham. The largest repair and supply dépôt in the nation is at San Antonio, Texas. The largest bomber and modification plant — bigger in some respects than Willow Run — is in Marietta, nineteen miles from Atlanta. One of the largest airplane factories anywhere, the gigantic North American Aviation plant, is at Dallas. At Huntsville, Alabama, is the largest chemical warfare plant in the United States, and from Baltimore to Beaumont other great chemical plants are turning out high explosives and synthetic rubber.

Then there are the shipbuilding companies which dot the Southern shore from the Chesapeake Bay to Corpus Christi. All over the South, manufacturers are producing parts for Liberty ships, tugs, barges, rescue boats and every other type of vessel. Ships are going down to the sea from points far inland, such as Decatur, Alabama, Nashville and Memphis. As for planes, plants manned with Southern labor are producing them in Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, New Orleans, Houston, and a half dozen other places besides Dallas.

Particularly significant is the ingenuity shown by Southern manufacturers who were established before the war, in converting their plants

for war purposes. A citrus canning machinery company now manufactures merchant ship parts and heavy barges. One of the large growers and shippers of ferns in Florida now manufactures bomb chutes. Concerns that used to make cotton gin machinery are now producing ordnance. The largest mechanical pencil manufacturer makes bomb parts and precision instruments. The chenille bedspread industry makes mosquito netting. A soft drink company now manages a shell loading plant. An automobile dealer is making airplane parts.

Not every Southern war industry, of course, can be expected to continue in operation after the war. But all of them will play at least an indirect part in the industrial future of the South. The shipyards, many of which it is clear cannot be kept busy after the war, are nevertheless making skilled and semi-skilled workers out of many farm boys, giving them the know-how that makes for efficient low-cost factory production. Similarly, executives of Southern industries confronted with the difficult tasks of wartime, have matured and developed at an astonishing rate. Their managerial abilities, together with the advancing skills of Southern workers, provide an essential ingredient of future industrial progress.

People who talk about the South of 1944 as if it were the South of 1939 or 1929, simply do not know the facts. If they did, they would marvel at the impressive array of modern industries which have magically arisen

from the cotton fields and wooded slopes of Dixieland. In Atlanta, Georgia, alone, I am told, more than 1,500 manufactured articles are produced. But even more notable than past growth is the great potential industrial wealth which still awaits the talents of Southern businessmen. I am amazed to find individuals here and there who still think of the South in terms of plantation agriculture, and regard it as a relatively poor region. How backward an outlook that is!

II

The magnitude and variety of the natural wealth of the South is breathtaking. Consider one resource alone — forests. To me the forestry statistics of the South open up exciting vistas. The figures I have seen tell us that the South with almost 60 per cent of its land still in forest growth, has about 44 per cent of the commercial forest area of the United States — nearly 200,000,000 acres. It has about thirty-three billion feet of old growth hardwood — the only large reserve in the United States. All told, the South produces not much less than half the total lumber of the United States. Moreover, the proportion of Southern output may well tend to increase, for climatic conditions encourage second growth timber to come up faster in the South than in most other parts of the country.

What do those facts mean for Southern industry? Today 113 paper and pulp mills are located in the South,

including a mill established in Texas a few years ago for the making of newsprint. Southern hardwood lumbermen have gone in for the manufacture of standardized hardwood items for construction. On a recent visit to Atlanta, I remarked that one of these days, instead of shipping Southern furniture to be shown elsewhere, Atlanta might well decide to have a furniture mart of its own, where buyers may come and see the products of the local factories on the home grounds. But such developments, I feel sure, are but the first links in a long chain of industrial and commercial undertakings based on forest products.

It cannot be long before the forests of the South play their part in the expansion of the Southern chemical industries. Approximately 70 per cent of the world supply of turpentine and rosin comes from the Southern coasts, and I am told that the chemical potentialities of these by-products of lumber are almost limitless. Already isoprene, which is important in making synthetic rubber, has been produced from turpentine. Moreover, wood itself is becoming ever more important as a source of cellulose and lignin, which are directly responsible for the rayon, cellophane, lacquer and plastic industries.

Today only one-third of a felled tree goes into lumber, and the rest is wasted. As the market develops for the waste products, I venture to say that new industries will be born from Cape Hatteras to the Mississippi, and

from Louisville to the Gulf of Mexico. And I have no doubt that Southern capital will be to the fore in these new enterprises. I was recently much struck by a statement that plans had been developed by a large group of Southern businessmen to establish an industrial research laboratory for the South, and that large funds had already been subscribed for this purpose. Research projects are under way in all Southern universities, aimed at the expanded use of Southern products. Mississippi and Georgia now have new industrial and agricultural commissions, and Louisiana has a state economic development committee, which correlates the findings of research to the resources of business. These are only a few of the significant straws in a breeze that is blowing stronger all the time.

I have mentioned only forest products, but the point I am making applies equally to minerals. Most of the Appalachian coal field, the best producing field in the world, is in the South, and could furnish all the fuel needed for America's industrial and domestic uses for many decades. In petroleum and natural gas the South has over half the national production, and although the main producing zones, of course, are in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana, seven new oil fields have been brought into production in Mississippi in recent months, and other indications of oil have been found in the Southeast, in areas at one time considered hopeless by oil prospectors. The wide distribution of

Southern coal, oil and gas, plus a network of pipe lines, means that the industries of the South will always be in a commercially favorable position with respect to fuel.

The plain facts about the Southern mineral wealth need to be told to the world. The South produces some copper and lead and about 10 per cent of the national output of iron, but it dominates bauxite and sulphur production. From Texas and Louisiana come helium, salt and magnesium; from North Carolina comes bromine, from Florida and Tennessee an important wealth of phosphates. Since the war started, a large deposit of rutile, a mineral essential in the making of welding rod, has been developed in north Florida, and this one deposit will produce several times as much rutile a year as all the other deposits in the country before the war. The mica deposits of North Carolina and Georgia provide 60 per cent or more of the American supply of this mineral, which is so important in radio and radar production.

Of great importance, too, are the Georgian and Alabaman fire clays, pottery clays, and building materials — cement, sand, gravel and stone, including marble. In the past few years several plants manufacturing ceramic articles have sprung up hereabouts, and it is logical to anticipate a further extension of this industry in an area so well endowed with the necessary resources.

The activities of the Government in developing the Tennessee River Val-

ley, by enormously increasing the available power supply, have led to the large-scale production of wartime light metals and to the establishment of textile, plastic and chemical industries. As a Government project, TVA has, of course, been the subject of considerable and heated discussion. Americans realize, however, that although not everything their Government does is good, neither is a thing bad merely because it is sponsored by the Government.

III

To my way of thinking, we need to cultivate a relaxed attitude in judging the value of Government projects — and to deal with each project on its merits. Viewed on its merits, I do not see how there can be much doubt about the net contribution of TVA to the welfare of the South. Today, with nearing completion of the dams of the Tennessee River, TVA has given the South a great reservoir of available electrical power. Taken in conjunction with the extensive coal deposits, the hydroelectric installations, both public and private, provide a powerful attraction for new industries requiring large year-round quantities of power at favorable rates.

Other industries and commercial ventures are bound to spring up around the South's scenic attractions, its wild life, its substantial fur production, its flourishing fisheries, and its great livestock business. The abundant Southern agriculture, which is be-

coming ever more varied and scientific, cannot help but lead to new enterprises. Already here and there the quick-freezing and dehydrating processes are increasing the markets of Southern growers and creating a new field of industrial employment. One new dehydration process, invented at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, is creating a variety of candy and cereal products from sweet potatoes, and these are already finding a market.

Bear in mind, too, the importance of the Southern climate, which simplifies the domestic problems of industrial workers and which makes possible a much higher proportion of open-air work, cutting industrial construction costs and increasing productivity. I regard this as an exceptionally important factor in the future development of the South. And I would call attention to the favorable geographical position of the South with respect to export trade, seaborne or airborne, for Southern industries. Industries located in the South have a substantial advantage in reaching the Latin-American markets.

I do not for a moment suggest that greater industrialization will automatically solve all the South's economic and social problems. But industrialization can provide the basis for steady progress. There are already important signs of that progress, other than the new factories that dot the countryside. Particularly notable is the rising standard of health. Southerners in the more remote districts are

swiftly developing increased physical energy through prevention of disease and better nutrition. This trend goes hand in hand with a sharply rising standard of living. In the Tennessee River Valley, from 1933 to 1943, the per capita income rose 75 per cent as against 56 per cent for the nation. Southerners are earning more and buying more. Consumer surveys reveal that the variety of products wanted by Southern families is steadily increasing, and indicate a great Southern postwar market for all kinds of consumer goods.

Equally important, in my judgment, is the increasing interest in education, and the widening of the intellectual horizons to which the war has contributed so much. Never before has there been so much constructive self-criticism in the South — always a sign of intellectual vigor. Never before has the South produced so much excellent new literature. In the new books, the magazines and the newspapers of the South, sentimentality is steadily giving way to rugged and refreshing realism.

For Southerners, as for all Amer-

icans, the unfinished war-job must, of course, continue to take precedence over any postwar plans and enterprises, until the war is conclusively won, in Japan as well as in Germany. But it is especially encouraging that the sacrifices and efforts they make now, in the national interest, will eventually add to the local and regional peacetime development on which they are counting. The more successfully and wholeheartedly the South does its war job today, the better fitted it will be for its great era of industrial expansion in the future.

I do not pretend to be a prophet, but simply as a reasonable conclusion from unassailable facts, I believe that within the lifetime of the next generation, the contribution of Southern resources, Southern industrial skills and Southern capital will bring the South into the vanguard of world industrial progress. And I believe further that the fresh social vitality of this new emerging South will contribute enormously to the shaping of a greater America and a richer world.



Marriage —

The one charm of *marriage* is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties.

— OSCAR WILDE

Cooks are not to be taught in their own kitchens.

— ENGLISH PROVERB

The man who suspects his wife gives everyone the right to.

— SPANISH PROVERB

I COME HOME

A Story

BY PAUL HUGHES

I AM Captain Charles Tomlinson of the United States Marines. I am twenty-four years old.

It is unusual for a man of my age to have attained that rank. These are unusual times. Perhaps I am an unusual man. I don't know. That is one of the things I hope to figure out while I'm standing here.

When we landed on Guadalcanal I had a new commission as a second lieutenant. I led a raiding party on one of the nearby islands, where we killed fifty-three Japanese. By the time we began the operation at Tarawa, my bar had been changed to silver. And on Saipan I was given my captaincy.

Then they sent some of us home for a rest. There is a lot of water between here and Saipan. It gave me time to plan the things I would do when I got here. Now I have done them. That is why I am standing here.

One of the things was to kiss Lucille, who is my wife. Another was to visit the mother of Sergeant Jack

Bell; he was killed at Saipan and I had some of his stuff. He was a good sergeant.

Out there, women seemed incredible creatures. Nobody really thought he'd ever get back to them. We were like sinners talking about an after-life. I was among the worst of the lot.

Luce and I were married only a couple of weeks before I sailed. She came out here for the ceremony. After I was gone she got a job, so she stayed here. But after the first few days in the islands, she was not real to me.

It was after we started home that I began again to try to think about her as she was. I took her picture from my pocket and gave it life and motion by squinting my eyes. I rehearsed the way I would greet her. It was an important thing to me.

I would call her name, and she would call mine. There would be a bare moment when we wouldn't say anything. Then I would kiss her, and it would be the kind of kiss that would erase years. I would put my right arm

PAUL HUGHES is a native Oklahoman who has worked for newspapers and radio stations in many parts of the West. His first novel, *Retreat from Rostov*, won the 1944 fiction award of the Friends of American Writers.

around her back and my left in the hair at the back of her head. Then we would know each other again.

I planned the things we would talk about after that and the places we would go. There was a particular restaurant where we would have some wine before we ate.

There wasn't much to do aboard, so I stood at the rail and I looked at the ocean and plotted everything. It was a little silly, but I wanted a little silliness.

During the remaining time, I thought about the mother of Sergeant Bell. From his own description of her, there was never such a woman before. She was all the gray-haired mothers. Jack was young. He had no wife to yearn toward. He thought about his mother.

I fashioned all the things I would say to Mrs. Bell. I would look my best, maybe in full dress, and call on her at the port city. The whole thing had to be done as impersonally as the Navy Department telegram. But at the last, I would unbend a little, just to show that we were all human.

Finally I would leave her. She would have recovered somewhat. If not actually glad to give a son to her country, she would at least realize some of the pride Jack knew in getting the job done.

There were many other parents who had been bereaved by casualties in my outfit. But Mrs. Bell was close at hand. Besides, there was something strangely magnetic about Jack, something that would eventually have got

him a commission. And he was killed not ten feet away from me.

Thinking of these things helped me to endure the trip in. I had leisure to think. There was not much talking. After two years in the Pacific, there was nothing to talk about. We looked at the sea.

Then we docked. The papers said only that we arrived at a west coast port. We took our gear and disembarked. I shepherded my outfit off the ship. I am not vain when I say I was a good captain to them. But none of the men said anything to me.

You may have noticed people coming out of a tunnel.

II

I called the factory where my wife had gone to work. They said she was still employed there. But she could not be taken away from the line except in emergency. They asked me if it was urgent. I said I didn't guess it was.

So I went out to the apartment we had. She didn't live there, and nobody in the house knew where she had moved. I thought of waiting for her at the plant, but I felt too dirty. I rented a hotel room, took a bath and got myself looking good.

I called the plant again and they said Luce had left for the night. When I asked where she lived, they balked at looking it up. I had to browbeat them before I got the address. I caught a cab and went out there.

When I rang the doorbell, some woman I didn't recognize came to the

door. I told her I was looking for Lucille Tomlinson.

"She's here."

I started to walk in, and this door-keeper asked, "Who shall I tell her is calling?"

"Her husband."

So then she opened the door wide and got out of the way. There were half a dozen women inside. Some of them were playing cards and some were knitting. The air was full of smoke. It took me some time to make out which woman was mine.

I wished I had known how to be clever.

Luce saw me. She looked scared. She said, "For heaven's sake!"

All the girls glanced up, alarmed by her manner. Luce repeated, "For heaven's sake!" She seemed to be glued.

I said, "Hello, everybody." It wasn't clever, but it was logical enough.

All the girls spoke to me. I thought Luce waited a long time before she did anything.

"If I'd only known you were coming!"

"Sorry I couldn't tell you."

"I wrote you the other day to give you my new address."

"I asked the people at the plant."

"Everything is in such a mess! I was saving to buy some new drapes."

"This is fine."

"I — I don't know exactly what I'm doing. It was such a shock to see you standing there in the doorway."

"I'd be enough to shock anybody."

"I didn't mean that!"

Finally she came over and pecked me a little on the lips. I guess she was a little embarrassed with all the girls there. The others giggled.

"These are all members of the gang. We rotate visits, to play cards and sew. Tonight's my night."

She took me around and introduced everybody. I didn't catch any of the names. It seemed a pretty dead party. Luce put me down in a chair. Somebody handed me a drink. I sat and drank.

There was a little redhead in a play dress that showed a lot of flesh above the knee. She asked me, "Did you kill a lot of Japs?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, you're just being modest. How many did you kill?" She sat on the arm of my chair and glowed at me.

"I don't know." I looked around for Luce, but I couldn't find her.

A soft-looking blonde was trying to knit, smoke and play rummy all at once. She said, "How does it feel to be a hero, Captain?"

I said I didn't know.

"You were in all the papers several months ago. Everybody was awfully thrilled about it. And Lucille was terribly proud. But how did you feel about it?"

I said I didn't exactly know.

The redhead was still dangling herself awfully close to me, and I took another look around for Luce. I

supposed she was out in the kitchen, but I didn't know where the kitchen was. I wanted to push the girl off the chair.

A heavy woman said, "Captain, we'd like to hear something about your reactions. Surely two years out there must have done something to you."

"I don't know."

"I mean, you must have got tougher or something. Being at the front must have had a tremendous effect on you."

"I lost twelve pounds."

She looked hurt.

The blonde spoke again. "Wasn't it pretty awful with all those dreadful things happening?"

"I suppose so."

"Did you ever pray?"

I didn't say anything. Thank God, Luce came back then, carrying some little sandwiches on a tray. She passed them around. She saved the biggest one for me. Everybody chewed for a few minutes and didn't say anything.

The redhead sat on the floor beside me. She swallowed a few times and asked, "How was the food out there on the islands?"

"Full of vitamins," I said. She calmed down a bit.

Luce came over and sat on the arm of the chair. She put her hand on my shoulder. I said, "I haven't seen the apartment."

"Why, that's right! Come on and take a look around."

While she was indicating things in the kitchen, I realized we were alone.

I couldn't think of anything to say. I said the stove looked fine and the icebox was very pretty. I touched her hand and she turned suddenly, as though I had frightened her. She smiled, but by that time I had taken my hand away.

She said, "I'm sorry all these people had to be here when you came home."

"Oh, that's all right. You couldn't have known."

"If there had been any way to warn me, I'd have —"

"That's all right."

"I'm glad you're not — mad."

"No, I'm not mad. But I've got an idea. This afternoon, I took a hotel room downtown so I could have a bath. Let's spend the next few days down there. You wouldn't have any housework to do."

"Why, Chuck, whatever for? Especially when we have the apartment, with the rent all paid."

"Oh. Okay."

"I'm sorry the girls bothered you so much. They're just naturally curious. But really, Chuck, how many Japs did you kill?"

III

The crowd burst through the kitchen door. At the head of the parade was the soft blonde, and she was leading a man by the hand.

The man was a small fellow with a cigarette, and he had left his hat on. "I'm from the newspaper," he said. "The girls called me. I understand you're just back from Saipan."

The girl with the knees exulted, "Be good and answer the man's questions, Chuck. We couldn't have a hero under our own roof and not share him."

The man asked, "What did you say your name was, Captain?"

"Charles Tomlinson."

"What's been your most exciting experience?"

"I don't know."

"There must be a thousand incidents that would make good stories."

"I don't remember anything good."

"How many Japs did you kill?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you can make an estimate. Was it five or five hundred?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't know."

"What was your first impression when you got back to this country?"

"I haven't had much time to form an impression yet."

"You needn't be afraid of talking, Captain. If there's something said that shouldn't be printed, it won't be."

Another man came in the front door without knocking. He focused a camera on me, took a flash-picture, and left.

My eyes were watering, but whether from anger I couldn't tell. I told the reporter, "Come back tomorrow. I don't know anything to say."

For once, the redhead seemed to show some sense. She ushered the fellow out.

After a while, probably at the subtle beckonings of my wife, the party began to break up. Within a few minutes, Luce and I were alone. It was

the moment I had planned so well aboard ship. But I was an awkward fool.

During the night, I woke up suddenly. I wondered where I was. I must have been shouting. My pulse was hard. I wanted to get up and run. Luce made me lie down again.

She was very nice to me in the morning. She had to go to work, but she got up early enough to cook a big breakfast for me. It was really pretty good, eating together like that.

She said she would try to get some time off. I told her I would keep busy, doing some errands. Then she ran for her bus.

IV

I spent a long time taking a bath. Then I got dressed. I had an address written on a scrap of paper, and I caught a bus. I told the bus driver about the address, and he told me about the transfer. By the middle of the morning, I was there.

Jack had said Mrs. Bell was wonderful. But I suppose her son would have loved her, even if she was the worst hag in town. However, maybe she was a charming old lady, anyway.

It was a clean little house. There was a well-spaced space by the porch, producing a few flowers. There were a swing and a rocking chair on the porch. I went up and knocked on the door.

The woman who let me in was not as old as I had expected. There were only a few gray hairs. She was only

about forty-five, and was good-looking.

"Are you Mrs. Bell?"

"That's right."

"I'm Captain Tomlinson of the Marines."

"I know the uniform. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. But I have only a minute."

I paused, choosing my words.

"You knew Jack," Mrs. Bell said. She was simply stating a fact.

"Yes."

"He mentioned you in his letters. But he called you Captain Charlie."

"Yes, he did call me that occasionally. Sometimes we weren't very formal."

"I suppose not."

This was the wrong beginning. I didn't see how I could get the talk in hand, now that it was going off on this tangent. I contemplated what to say next.

Mrs. Bell said, "I read about you in the paper this morning. It was quite strange. It labeled you a silent hero."

She handed the paper to me, pointing to the article. It was the result of the previous night's aborted interview. The reporter had tried to make an enigma out of me. It didn't fit. I didn't like it, but I read it all.

"They get funny ideas," I said. "Anything for a story."

"Yes," Mrs. Bell said. "Marines one day and bathing beauties the next. At least, they didn't take a picture showing your legs."

I grinned, and so did Mrs. Bell.

"What part of the country do you come from, Captain?"

"Well, I live here now. My wife has an apartment and works here. So I suppose this is home."

"I wish you had brought your wife along. I would have been happy to meet her."

"She works in one of the factories. She has to be there every morning."

"I see. Captain, I was about to make myself some mid-morning coffee. Would you like some?"

"Why, yes, I would."

"You look like the sort of man who enjoys a really good cup of coffee."

"I am that sort of man."

She went into the kitchen and I followed her. I watched while she brought the water to a boil and poured it into the container. I sat down at the little kitchen table, and in a few minutes she put a good cup of coffee in front of me.

Then I remembered what I had come for. I seemed to be getting farther off my course all the time.

"Mrs. Bell, there's something I want to tell you."

"But the paper claims you're the man who has nothing to say."

"I have lots of things to say. But I haven't learned yet how to say them."

"Maybe you'd better learn before you start saying them."

"Well, I've heard the way to learn to do a thing is to do it."

"That's a pleasant paradox."

In a minute, I said, "My wife makes good coffee. But she's still a beginner."

I must send her to you for lessons."

"That sounds like disloyalty."

"Not at all. Even when her coffee is bad, it tastes good to me, because she makes it."

"Another paradox?"

I spoke a little louder than I intended. "At least, I can make one good, clean statement. I loved your son Jack. There was some difference between our ages and more between our ranks, but the difficulties we went through together made them unimportant."

"I can understand that."

"And the longer we were out there, the more Jack came to mean to me. Until finally, he was what you might call my good right arm."

Mrs. Bell said, "The death of a valuable sergeant must have been quite a blow to you, Captain."

For a moment, I thought she was being ironic in her grief. But she was quite honest. She was impregnable, and she was consoling me.

I drank the hot coffee down, for my eyes were beginning to smart again. I recovered myself a little. I thought for a second of how I had planned this visit aboard ship, but then I put the memory out of my mind.

I said, "Thank you for the coffee, Mrs. Bell."

"Must you go?"

"I have to be running along. I intend to meet my wife for lunch."

"Well, I hope you can bring her out."

"I hope so, too. Thank you for your kindness. It means a lot to me."

"I was glad to have you. Oh, here's the paper with the article about you. Would you like to have it?"

"Well, I — yes, thank you."

"Goodbye, Captain."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Bell."

V

I took the bus back to the apartment. I didn't do anything for a few minutes but just sit there by myself. Then I gathered my strength and called the plant. They said lunch was only thirty minutes long, and nobody ever left the factory. So I sat down again.

It was only then that I remembered Jack's things. I had not given them to his mother. I'll have to send them to her.

Tonight, I figure on taking Luce out to dinner. We can go to the place where the wine was good. I wonder if Luce remembers it. And I must pay for the hotel room and tell the clerk I don't need it any more. Maybe after that, it will all be more reasonable.

But I am going to stand here until it seems a little straighter. I will have to learn things their way. I will try to understand Luce's way, and the way of the redhead. Maybe I can even grasp Mrs. Bell's way.

A while ago, I was sitting there in the apartment. Without really thinking about it, I unfolded the paper that Jack's mother gave me. I read the article again, and got no more out of it.

There was the picture the photographer had taken of me. I wasn't smil-

ing. I wasn't frowning. I guess it was a moment after I had come out of the tunnel.

Then I saw the words under the picture. I remember them very well. They were, "Captain Charles Tomlinson, U. S. Marine hero, is happy to be back from the Pacific front and

leave thoughts of foxholes behind."

I read them many times. "Leave thoughts of foxholes behind."

That is why I came down here on the docks again, as close to the water as the guards will let me go. That is why I have been standing here and looking into the distance.



THE ONE CERTAINTY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN my soul twists with despair
And my eyes are set aflame by the afternoon headlines,
I pause and contemplate history and all its lessons
And slowly I am reassured that in the future
Children and flowers will bloom again
And their laughter will erase all pain.

There will be memories
That will make the nights a little longer
And the days less warm and bright,
For death, in any form,
Quietly proclaims its eternity to every heart.
But the melody of life will mount and deepen,
For children and flowers will bloom again
And their laughter will erase all pain.

Peace and war, plenty and dire need
Change places suddenly,
And death and destruction
Strike accidentally.
But always there is the one certainty,
The only true prophecy,
That children and flowers will bloom again
And their laughter will erase all pain.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF PUBLICITY

BY BENNETT CERF

ONE of the first press agents who turned publicity into a million-dollar business was the late Harry Reichenbach. This master of the art of exploitation has been called "the greatest single force in American advertising and publicity since Barnum." One of his earliest exploits was to salvage a little restaurant that had everything except customers. He put a simple bowl of water in the window with a sign reading, "The only living Brazilian invisible fish." Increasing crowds gathered to observe this phenomenon. Some swore they could see the invisible fish make the water move. Reichenbach promptly hid a little electric fan in the corner to blow ripples on the water. "There it goes," the crowd would cry, and then, for no apparent reason, would go inside to eat dinner. Business boomed for weeks. Reichenbach claimed later that the proprietor simply couldn't stand prosperity: he tried to serve the invisible fish as a course!

It was inevitable that Reichenbach and the expanding motion picture business should discover one another. He was engaged to publicize a grue-

some affair called *The Return of Tarzan*, after a prevue indicated that its chances were small. A few days later a bearded professor registered at the Belleclaire Hotel in New York as "T. R. Zann" and had a "piano" hoisted to his room by block and tackle. In reality, the piano box contained a toothless old lion. Mr. Zann then called room service and ordered fifteen pounds of raw meat. The puzzled waiter who brought it took one look into the room, and fled. "There's a live lion up there," he screamed. Mr. Zann then led the animal through the main lobby, causing (1) three old ladies to faint dead away, (2) the management to call the police emergency squad, and (3) Mr. "T. R. Zann" and his lion to get reams of publicity. By the time red-faced editors discovered it was all a publicity stunt a fifth-rate movie had been built up in the public mind as something to see.

Reichenbach next turned his attention to a little number called *The Virgin of Stamboul*. A "Turkish potentate" and staff of seventy took an entire floor at a swank hostelry. The potentate was reluctant to be inter-

BENNETT CERF is president of Random House and The Modern Library. His book of anecdotes, *Try and Stop Me*, will be published this autumn.

viewed, but finally consented to reveal that his brother, the sultan, had dispatched him to find the dastardly American sailor who had stolen the Number One favorite from the sultan's harem. It's hard to believe, but only one reporter in town saw through this hokus-pokus immediately. The exception was a former publicity man himself, who was so intrigued by the build-up that he held his peace until the story broke in the papers. Then *The Virgin of Stamboul* (which, by an odd coincidence, featured the abduction of a harem pin-up girl by a Yankee gob) opened triumphantly on Broadway, and the "Sultan's brother" went back to his dish-washing job in an Armenian restaurant.

As the picture industry prospered, its publicity methods became less crude and obvious. Reichenbach kept pace with their progress. When the Metro Pictures Corporation was formed, it had everything except a production department. Reichenbach kept exhibitors intrigued for a full year by a whirlwind campaign that featured the slogan "Can they keep it up?" What they were keeping up nobody, including themselves, knew, but in the end, perseverance won its just reward, and the Metro Corporation blossomed into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

Reichenbach's imagination and audacity were not unique. The press agent for one Broadway show hired a huge truck to tour the city. The name of the play was emblazoned on its sides, and a loud speaker within blared

its virtues. At one of the most important intersections in the city, the truck broke down — accidentally, of course. Traffic was snarled in every direction for a full half hour while the merits of a fly-by-night musical comedy were broadcast to a stalled and helpless populace.

II

It was another press agent who evolved the notion of taking a native Californian who had been unable to get a break in the movies, and shipping him to England where he became the janitor of a well-known London theatre. In the dead of night, the two changed the electric sign above the marquee, and put the youth's name in lights. With the photograph of this sign as his only evidence, the agent then convinced a big Hollywood studio that his client was one of the most popular stars in Britain, and secured a signed contract for him. The youth really had talent, and is a genuine picture star today. The same technique has been followed a dozen times since. A lot of those exotic foreign sirens you see writhing around the screen drew their first breaths in such typically Bohemian oases as Wichita and Erie.

One publicity man made a Broadway chop house nationally famous by the simple expedient of scattering sawdust on the floor. Another guided a shoe emporium to fame and fortune by persuading the proprietor to boost his fixed price from \$6.95 to \$12.95! The shoe man was at first incredulous

until the promoter proved his point by an actual experiment. He put two identical pairs of shoes in the show window, side by side. His sign read "There is absolutely no difference between these shoes. One pair is priced at \$6.95; the other at \$12.95. We just want to see which price you prefer!" Three women out of every four who entered the shop, suspecting chicanery of one sort or another, insisted upon paying \$12.95.

Harry Reichenbach's most hilarious achievement was connected with that third-rate, innocuous painting called *September Morn*. The proprietor of a Broadway art store had seen the original in Paris, and thought it had commercial possibilities. He had ordered innumerable reproductions in assorted sizes at a cost of over \$60,000. The unpredictable American public, however, paid no attention to *September Morn* and the dealer seemed stuck with his entire investment. It was at this juncture that he enlisted the services of Reichenbach. He got results within twenty-four hours.

Reichenbach put the biggest available print of *September Morn* in the dealer's window. Next he hired a dozen high-school kids and rehearsed them painstakingly in the routine he had decided upon. Then he burst into the office of Anthony Comstock, ever-ready head of the anti-vice squad and self-appointed custodian of the people's morals. "Mr. Comstock," cried Reichenbach, "there's a vile picture on display in a Broadway window, and school children are ogling it

this very minute!" Comstock grabbed his hat and the two made a running dive for the dealer's store. The kids saw Reichenbach coming, and, as previously arranged, began pointing at the picture, smirking, and making obscene remarks about it. Comstock charged into the store like a wounded bull and had the deliriously happy dealer clapped into jail. By the time, the excitement and nation-wide publicity had died down, *September Morn* was the best-known painting in the United States, and more than two million reproductions of it were sold.

Reichenbach employed a similar technique to turn Elinor Glynn's atrocious *Three Weeks* into a rip-roaring best-seller. He sent anonymous letters of protest to puzzled post-office officials all over the country. Finally the postmaster-general barred the book from the mails — and the stampede to buy it was on.

Astute publicity men have extricated million dollar enterprises from many a jam. One of their funniest stunts involved a magnate who "got in on the ground floor" of a new salmon canning project. The price of his stock was right, and the salmon was delicious. Unfortunately, the color of the salmon was pure white, instead of the customary pink. It tasted just as good as the best, but the public was used to *pink* salmon, and would have no truck with any other kind. The inventory reached alarming proportions, and bankruptcy loomed. Then the high-powered "public relations counsel" was called in. By printing

just one line in big type on every can of salmon in stock, he cleaned out the inventory in exactly four months, and, if rival canneries had not secured an ultimate injunction, would undoubt-

edly have put most of them out of business. The line that he suggested was simple. It read: "THIS SALMON IS GUARANTEED NOT TO TURN PINK IN THE CAN."



Behind the News: II

WHEN a published interview produces an unexpected or unwanted effect, it is conventional procedure for a high personage to take refuge in either outright denial or a claim of misquotation. Newspapermen do not combat the custom, and almost no personage has given evidence of regarding it as dishonest. An exception to the rule was Admiral George Dewey, No. 1 hero of the Spanish-American War.

In the crisis produced by Germany's blockade of the Venezuelan coast and challenge to the Monroe Doctrine, newspapers quoted Admiral Dewey as declaring the Kaiser was acting according to form and was bound to make trouble in the world. Berlin naturally took notice and the German ambassador made strong representations in Washington. President Theodore Roosevelt sent for Admiral Dewey. Frederick Palmer, an intimate of both, recorded what transpired between them, but it was not revealed until years later.

"Admiral, this is embarrassing. You will have to deny the interview," said T. R., who himself denied making statements that had troublesome repercussions. So, too, did the Kaiser, who on at least two different occasions revealed his mind with shocking frankness to writers and then repudiated his statements.

"Deny it, Mr. President! I said it!", protested the Admiral. "I didn't know the fellow who came up to me while I was out walking was going to publish it. The last time I met him he was a consul. I told him what I thought — and he sold it to a newspaper. I said it. I can't deny it. I won't lie."

"Then, Admiral," said T. R., "the only way out is for me to give you a public reprimand."

"Yes, sir. When, sir?"

The President named an hour next day. At the hour the Admiral appeared in full dress uniform, with all his medals. The President grinned when Dewey stood before him, tapped him on the wrist, and said: "Admiral, consider yourself reprimanded."

Official versions of the reprimand satisfied the German government.

— CLARK KINNAIRD

RUSSIA'S PLANS FOR GERMANY

BY DAVID J. DALLIN

IN the formulation of its foreign policy a dictatorial régime does not have to consult or educate its public opinion. This means that it enjoys complete maneuverability regardless of commitments. It can revise or even completely reverse a plan without notice, and it can pursue several contradictory lines of policy at the same time, prepared to implement the one that seems desirable at a given moment.

This needs to be understood in estimating the Soviet Government's intentions with respect to a defeated Germany. There are glaring contradictions in Stalin's policies. On the one hand he insists on the far-reaching punishment of the war guilty; on the other he permits a German committee loaded with typical upper-class military leaders and ex-Nazis to function in Moscow. At various times Soviet propaganda has hinted that a certain German military potential must be preserved; simultaneously there has been much Russian talk of reducing Germany to military impotence.

But all such contradictions will be washed out in action. Soviet policy is flexible and "realistic," so that much will depend on the world picture at the juncture when final decisions about Germany's fate must be put into effect.

Subject to this general caution, however, we can appraise Russia's basic plan. It deals with territorial readjustments, reparations, and the punishment of German war criminals.

Many persons, among them statesmen who have only hazy or sentimentalized notions about the nature of the Soviet state, have failed to recognize that the last point — punishment — is central in the Russian concept. To most Americans and Britons this matter seems incidental: just a problem in meting out "justice" and neutralizing German military leadership. They do not grasp the fact that to Communists such large-scale punishment represents a *social weapon*.

For the Soviet leaders, who think of themselves as ruthless "social engineers," the chance to destroy some

DAVID J. DALLIN is an eminent Russian historian and economist, who has been writing on European affairs for twenty years. His two most recent books are *Russia and Postwar Europe* and *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy*.

groups in the population, to transfer and reshuffle others, is an opportunity to redraw the whole pattern of German society. They are less concerned with exterminating "guilty" elements (though charges of guilt are convenient) than with exterminating "undesirable" elements. Not revenge or "justice," but revision of the fundamental character of the country's social set-up and class relations, is the primary Russian objective.

Who will be punished? Will it be the Hitler clique, a few hundred Gestapo leaders and executioners, a few thousand military men who ordered atrocities? That might approximate the Anglo-American idea. It does not begin to compass the Soviet idea.

In the deliberations of the Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes, in London, the USSR was represented only by an observer. The British attitude was pretty much summed up in the phrase "no mass reprisals," which did not sit well with the Russians. Some people, said the Soviet periodical *War and the Working Class* disapprovingly, "are more or less inclined to be lenient!" Soviet spokesmen protested when the Red Cross suggested that prisoners of war should not be tried. The scope of those to be punished, as indicated in Soviet statements, has obviously been extended to include not simply individuals but whole strata of the German population. Communist ideology, for all its changes, remains geared to the idea of classes.

"Hitler and his clique have their

social basis. They are maintained by the big financial and business magnates. Are these a party to the Hitlerite crimes?" *War and the Working Class* asks. It replies in the affirmative: "The magnates stand guard for the Hitlerite clique. They are accomplices in the crimes."

Everyone "exploiting forced labor" is likewise regarded as a war criminal in the Soviet view. Molotov's note of May 11, 1943, declares that German industrialists, landowners and others "exploiting at their enterprises or in their households forced labor" of Soviet citizens "must bear full responsibility." As a blanket justification for destroying certain economic groups this is almost limitless.

The Prussian landowners, the coal barons, the industrial magnates, bankers, great sectors of the wholesale and retail trades — these, according to Moscow, are the powers behind the Hitler régime and Nazi policies. They are the ones really responsible for the war. Of what avail, therefore, to liquidate the Hitler clique if you allow economic power to remain in the hands of such groups?

II

To deprive German capitalism of its political and economic power — that is the real goal of punishment as the Kremlin sees it.

At the start of the Russo-German war, Moscow seemed convinced that this goal would soon be attained by "the German masses" themselves. It

was a remnant of the old illusion that any army attempting to wage war against the Soviets was bound to disintegrate, leading to a revolution.

A war against Russia, Stalin said in 1934, one year after Hitler came to power, "will be certain to unleash the revolution." He repeated this on later occasions. "It is scarcely possible to doubt that a war against the Soviet Union will lead to revolution," he declared at another point. The mutinies in the British and French armies in Russia in 1918-19 had left an indelible impress on Soviet minds.

When Hitler attacked, in June 1941, Stalin was convinced that Russia would number among her "true allies" the German people "enslaved by the Hitlerite bosses." Germany, he said in November 1941, "is a volcano ready to erupt." One of his officials, Lozovsky, wrote optimistically:

The idea that the salvation of Germany and of her people consists in the destruction of the Hitlerites is making headway. More and more often one reads in Germany the words *Heil Moskau!*

This wishful thinking, of course, did not come true. The war dragged on. The initial German triumphs were turned into shattering defeats. But no revolts took place in the Reich. They may still occur, of course, under the impact of total defeat, but now the Soviet thought, implicit in Communist propaganda, is this: Since the German masses are too oppressed and too weak to achieve liberation by themselves, it is our right and duty to free them from the parasite of capital-

ism. Since the volcano does not erupt, we must take drastic measures to attain the same results.

The calibre of the measures involved can be adduced from what Russia did in Poland and in the Baltic countries when it occupied them during the two-year period of Soviet-German collaboration. Stalin, who did not hesitate to "liquidate" and deport perhaps two million men and women in neighbor countries with which he was formally at peace, certainly will feel that "the sky's the limit" in a defeated Germany. "Social engineering" on a prodigious scale can be expected, provided the international situation makes it feasible.

When the Soviet plan of using German labor on a mass scale for the rehabilitation of Russia was first broached in the fall of 1943, it caused a sensation. But the idea has taken root. "It will be fair and sensible," the Soviet economist Eugene Varga wrote last October, "to use German manpower for the restoration of railroads, bridges, cities and industrial plants." Two kinds of German forced labor were proposed. One was military. The Soviet ambassador in London, Fedor Gusev, put it forward in the Inter-Allied Advisory Commission. Whole German armies, he said, when they capitulate, should be sent to the USSR. The Allies, bound by the Geneva Convention, could not accept such a proposal. The other was civilian. Hundreds of thousands of Germans, the Russians suggested, should be recruited for labor in the Soviet

Union. The recruiting would be done on a class basis:

Hitler and his cabinet ministers, party leaders and the German army command, Hitler's representatives in the occupied areas, the heads of the financial or industrial concerns supporting them are the organizers of the crimes and associates in them; violators of personal rights, exploiters of slave labor and receivers of stolen goods. . . . Stern punishment must be meted out to all culprits.

Of course, the categories listed in this quotation from *War and the Working Class* would hardly supply the millionfold forced labor contingents in view. But they could be defined and stretched to meet the needs. There is every indication that the "guilty" will be multitudinous, in the Soviet view, and will include also sections of the middle classes, farmers, civil service employes, and of course, intellectuals and politicians of all shades except Communist party-liners.

The elimination of "socially dangerous" elements has been a Soviet *forte* for twenty-five years. In Eastern Poland and the Baltics, in 1939-41, from 8 to 12 per cent of the population was labelled "socially dangerous," partly executed, mostly deported and in large measure organized into labor battalions. The victims were mostly from the upper strata, but they included political intellectuals of all parties — socialists and liberals, for instance. This pattern will be imposed on Germany, more rigidly and on a far greater scale, where Russia has control.

It is a pattern that kills three birds

with one stone: (1) It is a Great Revenge for horrors imposed on Russia by the Germans; (2) it deprives Germany of classes which, according to Moscow, are the instigators of anti-Soviet wars; and (3) Russian manpower, which has suffered enormously, will be in part replenished. Implicit in the procedure, moreover, is the expectation that the removal of these groups will put great political power into the hands of Communists — if not sufficiently to set up a Soviet régime, at least to guarantee a "people's front" type of new Germany.

Moscow does not believe that its policy of wholesale punishment and huge labor drafts for Russia will alienate the "German masses." Convinced that class sentiment will prevail over national sentiment, it ignores the hazards involved. But there are others who believe that the Russian plan, if put into effect, would shock the entire German people, just as Soviet liquidations in East Poland shocked the entire Polish population.

The second problem on which Soviet attitudes have been made manifest is that of reparations. In October 1943 *War and the Working Class* said:

The reparations claims of the Allies against Germany and her satellites reach approximately 800 to 1000 billion gold rubles [400 to 500 billion gold dollars]; the lion's share has to fall to the Soviet Union.

Foreseeing the impossibility of really extracting such gigantic sums, the author enumerated the various sources of payment: (1) German assets abroad — estimated at 1200 million gold dol-

lars; (2) the national wealth of Germany and her allies, though transfer of this wealth will be possible only to a very limited degree; and (3) payments in kind out of current German production.

What is clear in all of Moscow's thinking on this issue is the determination to siphon off as much as is possible in reparations, and the conviction that the USSR must have priority on this wealth. The principle has been formulated in these words: the standard of life in defeated Germany shall not be higher than in the invaded Russia. The surplus is a source of reparations payments.

III

As to territorial readjustments, several related problems are involved in the Soviet program for Germany.

The first and most important concerns the territory to be occupied by the Soviet military forces, either after the armistice or after the collapse of the enemy. Obviously the social program for Germany envisaged by the Kremlin, as outlined above, can be carried out effectively only in those parts of the Reich actually taken over by the Red Army. No such plan of social upheaval can be, I believe, put into practice under the aegis of any other occupational forces. Not even the French would go so far as to convert the punishment of war criminals into a species of social upheaval.

The likely duration of the occupation is less important than its physical

extent. At Teheran and then in London, it was tentatively agreed to divide Germany, for purposes of occupation, into three zones: an eastern zone to be occupied by Russia; a western by Britain and a southern by the United States. Recently a new plan arose to unite the two latter zones into one.

Out of the zone to be taken over by Russia, the Moscow plan is that one territory, East Prussia, be attached to the Soviet Union in whole or in part. In certain districts of this territory a considerable number of Poles lived before the war and on this ground the late Premier Sikorski claimed East Prussia for Poland. The Polish Government has continued to maintain this claim. The Moscow-controlled Union of Polish Patriots, prepared to cede eastern Poland to Russia, calls for East Prussia as compensation.

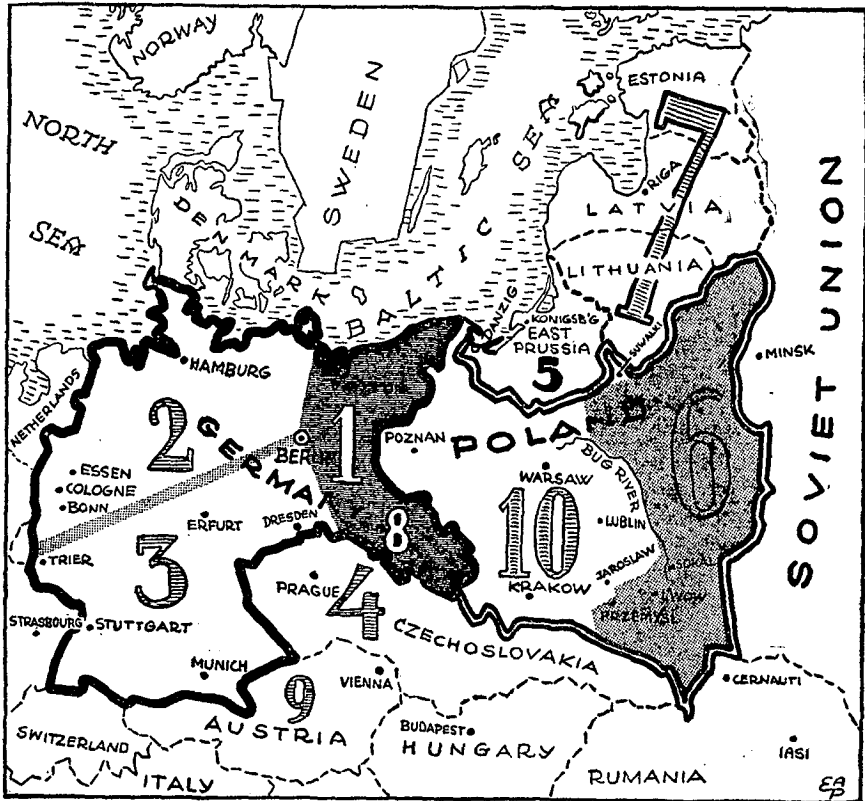
Thus a division of East Prussia between Poland and the Soviet Union seems in the cards. This means that a German province with a substantial population (the whole of East Prussia before the war had 2,400,000 inhabitants) will sooner or later be transformed into a province of the USSR, just as the three Baltic nations have been, while the rest of the territory is added to Poland.

Another German area claimed alike by the Moscow and London Poles is part of Silesia, a rich industrial province squeezed in between pre-war Czechoslovakia and Poland. The Kremlin supports this claim, provided, of

course, that such Polish aggrandizement shall benefit a state dependent in large measure on Moscow. German territories in the north and in the southeast with a population of some 5,000,000 would thus be annexed to Poland as a reward to a Polish régime

remodelled in close accordance with Stalin's wishes and enjoying the Kremlin's sponsorship.

This is the Moscow view. If it prevails, Poland, with a pre-war population of thirty-four million, will lose about ten or twelve millions to Rus-



As outlined in Mr. Dallin's article, here is Russia's plan for remapping central Europe. KEY: 1 (eastern Germany), 5 (East Prussia), 8 (Silesia) — probable zone of Soviet occupation, with East Prussia to be attached to Russia and Silesia given to Poland; 2 (western Germany) — probable zone of British occupation; 3 (southern Germany) — probable zone of United States occupation; 4 — reconstituted Czechoslovakia; 6 (eastern Poland) to become Russian, with Poland receiving part of East Prussia and Silesia in compensation; 7 — Baltic republics conquered in 1939-40, to remain Russian; 9 — reconstituted Austria; 10 — reconstituted Poland.

sia, and will gain territories with three to five millions from Germany.

Moscow also has a stake in the territorial readjustment of Czechoslovakia, a nation now firmly welded into the Soviet sphere of influence. Pre-war Czechoslovakia had 3,200,000 inhabitants of German origin, constituting 22 per cent of its population. A great portion of this Germanic element lived in the Sudetenland. The Sudeten Germans have been granted full German citizenship by the Nazis and are fighting in the Nazi army.

After Hitler's fall the Sudetenland will unquestionably be returned to Czechoslovakia, thereby aggravating the painful problem of the German minority. The solution favored by Czechs is a transfer of German population. Dr. Eduard Beneš has already proposed the removal of Germans from his country on a large scale. However — and this is where Russian interests come in — he failed to indicate the direction of this transfer.

To send the Germans to the Reich would be dangerous for many reasons, but first of all from the military angle. With her sixty-seven million people, Germany before the war was the strongest single nation in Europe outside of Russia. Her military superiority over France was due primarily to this preponderance of numbers. The transfer of some millions of Germans from Polish and Czech regions to the "homeland" would tend to increase this factor of military advantage.

From the Czech point of view a

more suitable destination for the unwanted Germans would be Russia. It is known that during his Moscow visit last December, Beneš discussed this with Soviet leaders, though the official reports made no mention of the matter. No decision has been reached thus far. The final word will be Moscow's and it will be based, again, on class considerations and on Russian manpower needs. Certainly Stalin will refuse to accept children and elderly people who might become a burden on his country's economy.

That the thinking of pro-Soviet Poles is not far removed from that of pro-Soviet Czechs may be surmised from a letter in the July 8, 1944 issue of a weekly newspaper of the Union of Polish Patriots. The writer, a Professor Leon Chwistek, after reiterating Polish territorial demands on Germany, declared:

In the framework of the Versailles Treaty, the problem of German population in Polish territory was one of the worst obstacles to a just solution of the question. The western democracies were unable to cope with it. One is bound to acknowledge that the Germans themselves found a real solution when, without too much discussion, they uttered the slogan *Deport Them*.

The publication of such ideas in a Moscow newspaper is significant. Stalin without doubt welcomes the idea of deporting parts of the German population to Russia. The selection of Germans for this transfer, with due regard to political and social considerations, is of course taken for granted.

Austria was incorporated into the Nazi Reich more than six years ago,

and so the question of what to do with Austria is part of the general problem under discussion. There has, in recent years, been much talk of joining a restored Austria to the neighboring German areas, particularly to Bavaria and perhaps also to Württemberg. Both these provinces have a lot in common with Austria: in their religion, their economy and even in their folk lore.

A Greater Austria, with a population of from fourteen to seventeen millions — as compared with the pre-war total of 6,700,000 — could thereby become a country on the scale of Czechoslovakia. At the same time Germany would be weakened to the tune of eight or ten million inhabitants. But Russia is strongly opposed to this scheme. The Soviet press has indicated a wish for the restoration of the small Austria that existed before 1938.

What are Moscow's motives? In the first place, as the new patron of Czechoslovakia, Russia wants to prevent the creation of a new menace to its protégé in the form of another powerful Germanic state. Secondly, a small Austria, squeezed in between Beneš's Czechoslovakia and Tito's Yugoslavia, would be more amenable to Soviet influence. Such an Austria, indeed, would almost automatically fall within the great Soviet sphere and would contribute considerably to Soviet economic development. A

Greater Austria, on the other hand, might well look to the West.

The Soviet treaty with Czechoslovakia, concluded shortly after the Teheran gathering, was supplemented by a protocol which foresaw the future adhesion of Austria and Poland. We thus have the clear outlines of an east European alliance in which Russia would, naturally, play the dominant if not the dictatorial rôle. From the Soviet ideas on transforming the social composition of Germany, we are justified in surmising that in a more distant future the adhesion of a remodeled Germany to such an alliance is within the scope of the Soviet plan.

That a great competition for control of the German political and economic potential will develop in the years ahead is obvious to anyone whose vision is not too blurred by wartime slogans. Moscow is preparing to win in that competition. Stalin's plans, as far as we can judge them — his ideas on punishment of criminals, reparations, territorial revisions, population shifts — are related to this larger problem.

Nor is he alone. The great European powers have already begun to jockey for favorable positions in the postwar world. Britain, for instance, is inclined to favor a united Germany purged of aggressors with which it can do business. Russia looks toward a socially reorganized Germany capable of being a Soviet partner.



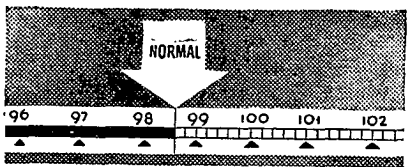
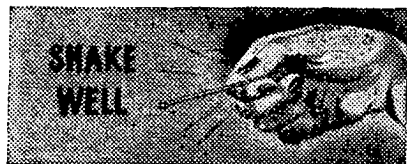


"But, Doctor, can't you

DO YOU KNOW what to do for illness or accident before the doctor comes?

It's mighty important these days. Doctors are busier than ever and often can't come the minute they are needed.

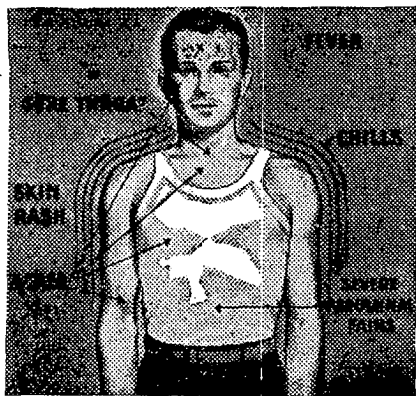
So it's up to you to know elementary first aid and the most common signs of disease.



1. Can you take a temperature?

Fever thermometers are easy enough to use. The mercury should be well shaken down. Leave thermometer under tongue at least three minutes.

Any person with a temperature much above normal (98.6°) probably needs medical attention and should go to bed.



2. What are common danger signs?

Sore throat... skin rash... chills, fever and aching... persistent or severe abdominal pain are often signals that precede a real illness. If one or more of these symptoms are present, it's best to consult a doctor.

get here sooner?"



Most of all, of course, you can help yourself—and your doctor—by keeping well. And if any unusual or persistent condition develops, consult your doctor *early*. You will save your time and his.

Meanwhile, check up on the important points below.



3. Do you know how to call a doctor?

If it's illness, the doctor wants to know signs and symptoms as accurately as you can tell him, how long they've lasted; the patient's temperature.

In case of an accident, describe the injury; what you've done; the victim's apparent condition.

With the help of your intelligent description, the doctor can offer suggestions, decide how urgently he's needed, and foresee what equipment he will need.

Don't let your first aid knowledge get rusty. You'll find Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid," helpful. It will give you, too, a good check list to see if your medicine cabinet is fully equipped.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet,
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CUBA GOES DEMOCRATIC

BY W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

DR. Ramón Grau San Martín is about to be inaugurated for a four-year term as President of Cuba. He was chosen in a fair and peaceful election on May 31 to succeed Fulgencio Batista, the famous little sergeant-stenographer who has been the country's boss, king-maker and finally titular ruler during the eleven years since the overthrow of the despot Machado. Behind this transfer of power there is a strange story. What Cubans call the authentic revolution, as against the false, has triumphed at last. The voters willed it, but their freedom to do so was a personal decision on the part of Batista. He had used the army to rig previous elections, including his own, and scarcely anyone believed that he would not repeat the method this year. Why did he conclude to be on the side of the angels?

To understand, we must first glance at the highlights of Cuba's recent past. The Machado uproar of 1933 was no ordinary Latin-American *coup d'état*. President Gerardo Machado, a respected veteran of the revolution against Spain, which preceded the

Spanish-American War and Cuban independence, had gone into office as a liberal. For two years he had given the country a good administration. Then he changed so utterly that if he had lived in an age of mysticism it would have been believed that he had been possessed by a devil. The fabulous grafting in which he indulged would not by itself have been extraordinary. But along with his greed went egomania, intolerance of opposition, and cruelty carried to lengths that were scarcely human. Other Caribbean tyrants have balked at nothing to maintain their hold. Machado far exceeded the "practical necessities" of the case, and thus was the worst of an evil lot.

He altered the constitution to extend his term for six years. It had been done elsewhere, and he might have gotten away with it in Cuba by means of normal strong-arm tactics. He met the inevitable revolutionary plots against him, however, with an orgy of sadism which included castrations and the ripping of women's breasts with gloves tipped with steel claws. Massacres were a commonplace.

W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS has written extensively on problems of the South and of Latin America. His *The Caribbean* and *Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer and Governor*, are well known. He is a former editor of *Ainslee's Magazine* and *Brief Stories*.

Many believed — I am one of them — that Machado had developed the first symptoms of paresis, the result of a venereal infection in early life, and that he was rapidly going insane. This condition did not prevent a morbid growth of personal vice. He fancied girls under twelve years of age, and the best homes were violated to obtain victims for him.

The most active center of revolt against the monster was Havana University. A secret society called the ABC was formed among its five thousand students. Three hundred professors met openly and pledged themselves to support the youngsters of both sexes in their fight for a free government. Machado countered by closing the university and launching a savage persecution of the teachers and students. Dozens were butchered, scores maimed and thrown into prison. But the movement hardened to one of almost unexampled self-abnegation, courage and tenacity. Cuba actually was saved by these collegians, for if it had not been for their example the country must have sunk into chaos and been occupied by United States troops. Operating underground, the ABC made a civil war of it which the outside world was forced to respect.

Natural leaders emerged, in some instances 'teen-age boys, in others favorite masters. Prominent among the latter was Dr. Ramón Grau San Martín, professor of physiology at the university, a liberal idealist with a gift for capturing the adoration of his

pupils. He had done valuable research work on cancer and stomach ulcers, and was an authority on the internal secretions of the body. Young patriots flocked to his classes in anatomy. The government feared him, and he was imprisoned several times. Tall, lean, grave, wearing a clipped mustache, he looked his part as a member of one of Cuba's aristocratic families.

Machado's fall was hastened by a general strike. Sumner Welles, who had been sent to Havana as United States ambassador to work for a conciliation that would avoid intervention, virtually ordered him to resign. The high command of the army turned on him. He was allowed to escape by plane, loaded down with gold, to die a dog's death of his maladies some five years later in exile.

II

The ABC was represented in the provisional government that was formed in haste. The temporizing that followed for three weeks satisfied no one except Welles. In that short time a unique plot was hatched, and a new figure catapulted from total obscurity to the control of the state. Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, aged thirty-two, had gained valuable inside knowledge as the stenographer assigned to report military trials. He knew the weaknesses of the army. Batista now organized the non-commissioned officers at Camp Columbia on the outskirts of Havana, led them against their commanders and informed the men

holding commissions that they had been retired to private life. He appointed himself a colonel. The rank-and-file hailed him. He had occupied every strong point within twenty-four hours. On the political side he worked closely with the students' organization. Declining the presidency for himself, he approved a committee of five to take over the government. It was composed of two professors, an editor, a lawyer and a banker.

One of the professors was Grau (the San Martín is his mother's name which, by Hispanic custom, he tacks on as a compliment to her memory), who was then forty-six. Power is seldom exercised satisfactorily by a committee, and in a few days it was decided that Grau should be provisional president. He had a stormy four months of it, denied recognition by Washington, and trying to maintain a balance between the dreams of his boys and the hard-boiled insistences of Batista.

The United States, as always, required financial stability and a guarantee that the property rights of its nationals would be respected. The board of directors of the ABC cared little about such matters. It is indubitable that the smoke of their own radicalism got in their eyes, but that group of thirty young men was composed of veterans with a right to be heard. Every one of them had been imprisoned by Machado, twenty-seven had been tortured, seven emasculated. They wanted Cuba for the Cubans — nothing less. Batista, on the other

hand, was eager to play ball with the United States.

Grau promised the country that he would root out graft, lower taxes, and free his people from the economic domination of foreigners. He stopped payment of the interest on \$60,000,000 which American banks had lent Machado. He signed an agrarian decree giving land, a yoke of oxen, tools and seed to indigent farmers. He seized an alien-owned electric company and reduced the rates 45 per cent. Politicians found it impossible to influence him. He fired dishonest government employes, up to the highest ranks. Any one could see him in the presidential office at any hour of the day or evening. He would listen to advice from the humblest, and if it seemed good he acted upon it. I heard speeches by his young supporters in which he was eulogized in passionate, flowery Latin terms: "noble," "selfless," "immaculate." They were not undeserved.

Early in January 1934, Batista ousted Dr. Grau and broke with the ABC, though he insisted that he had not abandoned the principles of the revolution. He ruled as the power behind the throne for the next six years, removing and appointing presidents at will. His official post was chief-of-staff of the army which he quickly raised from 8,000 to 20,000 men. It became an armed force of remarkable efficiency compared with ordinary Latin-American standards, and by giving it duties in connection with public welfare Batista introduced better sanitation, built hospitals

and schools, and improved the standard of living. One-fourth of Cuba's budget was assigned to the army, but a good deal of the money was spent on non-military projects. Batista also made a show of tolerating political opposition — after he was sure of his ascendancy. He even legalized the Communist party.

American businessmen thought his dictatorship beneficent, particularly as he was "right," from their point of view, on the big questions. He did little to solve the problem of Cuba's one-crop system, which is tied to sugar and controlled by New York capitalists. He made new loans and paid up promptly on the old ones. The ex-sergeant was a mixer who won golden opinions in influential circles. What northerner could resist his success story! Batista's father had been a small truck gardener, and the son had educated himself, and created opportunities where none had existed. His very appearance was stimulating: the bantam-sized body, hard as iron; the flashing eyes, curiously slanted, a heritage from a Chinese ancestor; the ardent gestures, of which the most effective was a trick of tossing about his mane of coarse, blue-black hair.

III

The followers of Grau, nevertheless, regarded Batista as a betrayer. They formally assumed the name *Auténticos* and swore to make the principles of the ABC come true. The dictator

struck back at them by closing the university once more, though not with the malignancy toward individuals that Machado had exhibited. Grau found it necessary to leave the country for a while. Writing from Miami in 1935, he contributed an article to the *New York Nation*, in which he said:

All the noble aspirations of the Cuban people are being checkmated by the violent imposition of a usurping government, treacherous to national sovereignty, sold out to private interest, whose disorderly administration has renewed the old practices of graft and fraud. Only the War Department is generally pampered.

The same year he delivered three addresses before the Center of Pedagogical and Hispano-American Studies in Panama, in which he reviewed events and set forth his policies for Cuba. The natives, he said, were being deprived of the soil and resources of their country, and even of the right to labor. There was almost complete domination by foreign capital of the national credit and commerce. This, he said, must end.

In 1940 Batista made up his mind to regularize his position. He ran for the presidency, his chief opponent being Dr. Grau. No one had the least doubt about the outcome. The cards were stacked for the dictator to win. He found himself a war president, for Cuba entered the world conflict two days after Pearl Harbor. An aviation school which provided combat training was established. A limited conscription law was passed and a token force called to the colors. Cuba offered

its army to the Allies, if needed, but so far there has been no expeditionary force. The island's contribution to the war effort has comprised a heavy increase in the production of sugar, vegetable oils, miscellaneous foodstuffs, and certain metals, such as manganese, which previously had not been a commercial factor. In return the United States advanced \$25,000,000 for public works.

Batista as president was subtly more liberal than he had been in the early days. He remarked nonchalantly that he would not seek a second term. No one believed him. He stated that he would not lift a finger to influence the next elections, and that was considered a great joke. In 1943 he called politicians of all factions together and told them that they had better organize for the presidential campaign, because this was their chance to put democracy to the test. When they still seemed to doubt his good faith he threatened to resign. Wondering what the catch was, a dozen men then began to strive feverishly for Batista's endorsement as his successor.

IV

Grau had always intended to lead the *Auténticos* again in a campaign which he may well have regarded as a forlorn hope. But he had other things than politics on his mind. His researches into the nature and possible cure of cancer had been zealously continued. At a medical congress in Chicago this year, he and another

physician were credited with having perfected a new method of electrical tests for cancer of the stomach. A tube with two electrodes is inserted by way of the throat. If the reaction to the current generated is from three to six times above normal, cancer certainly is present. A normal reaction gives a clean bill of health.

The conservative parties in Cuba formed what amounted to a government coalition and nominated Senator Carlos Saladrigas, a lawyer whose platform magnetism did not rate high. Batista gave him his blessing. A huge fund to promote his candidacy was expended lavishly. He relied a good deal upon radio time. His promises, needless to say, were windy generalizations. They meant that the banks and the sugar companies would remain the chief factors.

Grau, on the other hand, held mass meetings in the cities, and stumped the countryside in the old-fashioned way, making speeches in the smallest hamlets. His views had grown moderate. He no longer talked of ejecting American capital. But he deplored the \$25,000,000 war loan, which he said was unnecessary, considering that Cuba's vastly increased revenue from sugar was sufficient to pay for essential public works. He pledged himself to reduce and simplify the 125 different taxes now in effect, and to stabilize the national debt. His hatred of grafters had not cooled. He advocated a law which would require office-holders to submit sworn inventories of their possessions both on taking and

leaving office. Wide agrarian reforms and the creation of a Cuban merchant marine were featured on his program. He had much to say about Pan-American solidarity.

One is credibly informed that admirers knelt in the roads as he passed, and that women held up their babies for his touch. No Cuban has received such adulation since José Julián Martí, called the Apostle, the architect of the final revolt against Spain, who fell in almost the first skirmish of that war.

Batista established rules for the election: no interference by the army; no violence at the polls; compulsory, secret voting. He enforced them rigorously. Up to the last minute there was frenzied betting on the government candidates to win. But by noon of the day that the results of the balloting were announced, it was clear that Grau had swept the country. The mayoralty of Havana, the second most important job in Cuba, had gone to an adherent, Dr. Raúl Menocal. It had been impossible even for Batista's brother, Francisco, to be elected mayor of a suburban town.

Both the president and Saladrigas visited Grau and offered their congratulations. Then Batista made a speech from the balcony of the palace, in which he said that he was happy to see the popular will prevail and added that if Cuba ever needed his services again he would be ready to serve. This last was considered faintly sinister. It seemed to embody a hint, such as other dictators have dropped in similar circumstances, that Batista

might decide to repudiate the election and stay in office "for the good of the country." His sincerity was tested before the week was out.

Spruille Braden, the United States ambassador, learned that General Manuel Benitez, chief of the national police, was plotting to seize both Grau and the president and to set up a military dictatorship. The scheme might have been wholly for the purpose of exalting Benitez, or it could have followed another familiar Latin-American pattern. A "kidnaped" ruler has more than once consented to resume power, while swearing that he would not have dreamed of doing so if the crisis had not arisen. Braden sent a blunt warning to Batista. The latter immediately dismissed Benitez from the army and exiled him to Miami.

In my opinion, Batista's course has been straightforward since he announced last year that he wanted democracy. There is small reason to fear that he will double on his tracks. It probably never occurred to him that the Government coalition could be beaten by the *Auténticos*, but since the election, the praise he has received from Anglo-Saxons as a man of honor and a progressive has been gratifying to him. He is somewhat of an egotist. He realizes that he looms larger in the eyes of the world than ever before. When he leaves the presidency he plans to make a tour through the American republics, and doubtless he will be lionized. He should return to Cuba with his fame

still further enhanced. After all, he is only forty-three, and it would be logical for him to try for the chief magistracy again, perhaps in 1948.

As for Dr. Grau, his administration promises to be the most original in Cuban history. He is an idealist, but with a broad streak of practicality. The combination of genius in laboratory work and qualities of leadership that win the devotion of the masses has a rare flavor that inspires con-

fidence. Grau has asserted that politics is the business of the scientist, the creative thinker and the humanitarian. He has a poor opinion of intellectuals who live in ivory towers. "Politics, in the true and full extension of the word," he said at Panama in 1935, "is the science and the art of regulating and directing the interests of the community." His manner of translating the theory into deeds will be worth watching.



"Nein, nein, Herr Leutnant . . . BOTH hands this time!"

A PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN CONFESSES

BY EUGENE KELLY

I do very little work and get very well paid for it. For some six years now I have had such an interesting time that I feel like telling others about it. What follows is a personal account, and is not meant to reflect upon public relations counselors as a class. Many of us perform a useful social function, as I shall show in the course of my observations.

The Chicago manufacturer was in a great dither. A matter seriously affecting his business was pending before the Treasury Department and required immediate attention. He came to me in my office in Washington, D. C., to explain his problem, and in guileless retort I said I could not help him. I went so far as to say that he could straighten out the whole matter himself by phoning Executive 6400, Branch XYZ. Alas, his passion for my services increased in proportion to the vehemence of my protestations of uselessness. He was going to employ a public relations expert, come hell or high water. So I named a fee far in excess of what I thought the job was worth, hoping thereby simultaneously

to discourage him and to retain some vestige of integrity. He jumped at the figure and I worked for one week.

The work consisted of meeting him each morning at the hotel and going with him to the Treasury, where he did the talking — with, I might add, all the persuasion and bombast of Cicero in the Roman Forum. Quite satisfied with my “services,” he paid me a fee which I am ashamed to report here. I subsequently learned that he thought I had some influence with the Department. The only influence I exercised was when I told the taxi driver where to take us.

That is a typical example of one phase of the public relations business. As a trade it may be described as the science of complicating the simple or mystifying the obvious, the mystification being done by the customer himself.

Fortunately for me and hundreds like me, businessmen are, outside their own sphere, a little on the dumb side, so we manage to make a living without too much effort.

Not so long ago, a client wanted to see a certain senator badly enough

EUGENE KELLY is a former newspaperman, his last staff position having been on the *Washington Times*. For the last six years he has been head of the public relations firm of *Eugene Kelly & Associates*, Washington, D. C.

to pay for the introduction. I did not know the senator, and suggested to my client that he simply make the call at the Capitol, by himself and on his own. He almost threw a fit over my unthinkably bold and direct proposal. Instead he telephoned a friend in St. Louis, asking him to call in turn a Boston banker, a friend of the senator's. The banker made the appointment. Yapping constantly about the value of his time, my client frittered away four days on a detail he could have cleaned up in thirty minutes. The monkey business cost him not only telephone tolls but my fee. I did not accept his money for the introduction, because I did not make that, but for the wasted hours which I could have spent more profitably in a saloon.

It would never have occurred to this businessman, or to most of his brothers, that members of Congress and officials of the executive departments are public servants and that all citizens possess not only the privilege of approaching them but the right to do so without any hocus-pocus.

This fear of public officials has always been one of the most curious phenomena of the Washington scene. Some time ago a firm of exporters got into a jam with the procurement division of the Treasury Department. The exporters were absolutely in the clear, but had been sold a bill of goods by a broker who stood between them and the Government, and they had to face the music.

I told them by telephone to go di-

rectly to the procurement division themselves. They were frightened by the very thought of coming to Washington, where they envisaged a corps of marshals chasing them with subpoenas. I did the job myself in three days, and was paid for something they could have done with a three-cent stamp and an envelope.

II

Like the exporters, most businessmen have an obsession on the subject of "contacts" and "influence." They abhor the direct method of doing business, preferring all sorts of weird circumvolutions which wind up in nothing except headaches. Out of the wisdom of years of experience I can report that most newspapermen, members of Congress, and officials of the departments are interested solely in the merits of a given case and not in the person involved or his friends.

Newspapermen particularly resent pressure tactics; the best way to get your story thrown into the ashcan is to tell them you are a friend of the publisher. Despite this, businessmen constantly resort to such pressure. With the Congress and the departments, too, they attempt to broaden their past experiences with state legislatures or city councils, frequently inquiring whether a certain official can be "reached."

Often, then, when they retain "public relations experts" they think they are buying contacts and influence. When they engage me, they defraud

themselves, for they do it despite my candid assertions that I have no more influence in Washington than a chambermaid in the Mayflower Hotel. With characteristic vulgarity, some of them are bold enough to ask in advance for a list of my contacts, as if they were buying a pound of butter or a loaf of bread.

Not long ago I lost what might have been a profitable customer when I admitted that I did not know Mr. ABC of the Washington bureau of one press association. The fact is, Mr. ABC and I are drinking companions, but I did not admit it. I am not in the influence selling business, for the very good reason that you can't sell what you don't possess. This prospective customer, working on the theory of robber-baron days that money can buy anything, honestly believed he could buy "influence" with the press.

This client's determined effort to rub noses with a newspaperman is typical of his breed. Average businessmen have an inexplicable, but enormous, passion for introductions to Ernest Lindley, Drew Pearson, Paul Mallon, Mark Sullivan, Ray Tucker, and Fulton Lewis, Jr. To achieve them, they arrange cocktail parties in the hope that these notables will show up, but they never do. On several occasions I have been paid fancy fees merely to distribute the invitations. This is extremely arduous labor, involving all of an hour on the phone. Lacking the big names, the host is satisfied with the lesser ones who turn out with a vengeance to swill the

liquor, all the while looking down their noses at the businessman, who is kidding no one except himself.

For these parties usually accomplish exactly nothing. In the first place, the businessman has nothing to say to the reporters. In the second place, he wouldn't know how to get it across if he did have something to say. I have assisted at lavish cocktail parties attended by the press and members of Congress, and the very next day seen the host catch utter hell in the newspapers and the House.

Left to his own devices, the businessman is even more pathetically ineffectual in the field of lobbying. Lobbying, which is based upon the right of every American to state his position on pending legislation, is tough physical labor and so highly specialized that it requires years of experience to learn it. It is tough work because you may sometimes walk all day through the halls of Congress or the House Office Building in search of one representative. I have on occasion had to get my point across in the corridors, or even while he was getting into a taxicab.

The amateur lobbyist, lacking the know-how, would not attempt such boldness, and would need a year to talk to a handful of senators. But even if he succeeds in running down a single specimen, the businessman invariably fumbles the ball. His long-winded dissertations fall on deaf ears. He lacks clarity and brevity, the two main requisites for getting a point across to a busy man who has more

important things to do than listen to a tale of woe.

Smart and unscrupulous lobbyists constantly bamboozle the businessman. The intelligent lobbyist can almost invariably tell in advance the outcome of a pending bill unless, of course, it is a highly controversial one on which the vote will necessarily be close. If a quick check convinces him that the bill his client is concerned with will pass, he volunteers to do the work, usually on a contingent-fee basis. The bill passes, and the businessman shells out good money for absolutely unnecessary services. It makes him happy, however, and he tells his friends that his public relations counsel got the bill through. This is, I might add parenthetically, the type of businessman who fights like hell against a ten-cent-an-hour increase in his employes' wages.

I am not implying that this is a common practice in Washington. It most certainly is not. There are many honest and productive lobbyists, and under our system of government they perform essential services. The point is that gullible businessmen do fall into the clutches of racketeers, men who have neither the background nor experience for lobbying, one of the most difficult activities in the whole field of public relations.

Another of the major functions of public relations is wet-nursing captains of industry. Many industrialists are frustrated in their home lives and come to Washington for a psychic catharsis and an emotional build-up.

They employ the war emergency as justification for a trip which is actually an escape from a nagging wife who is wise to the guy and his petty foolishness.

I was once paid by a banker who wanted nothing more than to go to confession. He could have received this service in his home town from a psychiatrist or any minister of the Catholic, Jewish or Protestant faith. He had started life a poor boy, and though he was now making money he had failed to gain the recognition he thought he deserved in his community. Furthermore, he was henpecked.

Another customer, a wealthy mid-Western manufacturer, paid me a fair weekly sum to listen to his string of bawdy jokes over a six-months' period. I had been retained ostensibly to work out a complicated materials-priority matter before the WPB, but that never came up.

After a month or two on assignments like that, you wonder what in hell you are getting paid for, but no matter what your fee, the businessman gets his money's worth when he returns home. First he tells his wife he has a public relations counsel on the payroll, thus engendering in her some of the pristine respect of courtship days. Mystified by the phrase, she feels he must have something up there after all to be able to meet and hire the holder of such a resounding title.

Then, as a man who now has the real lowdown on Washington, who receives hysterical telegrams, letters, and tele-

phone calls from his "man" there, he is soon summoned to address a local Kiwanis luncheon. His inside stuff he got, of course, from his expert, who in turn got it at the National Press Club bar, focal point of the world's gossip and misinformation. The townsfolk are duly impressed by all this claptrap, and the businessman soon becomes a big shot in the community. In no time at all he is making speeches all over the county and no doubt thinking of running for Congress. Even his wife begins to like him again.

III

But not all public relations work is nonsense. On the contrary, the many honest and competent men in the trade have saved the neck of industry time and again. They have succeeded where high-powered lawyers have flopped. They have succeeded, I believe, mainly because of the simple asset of common sense, which is about all that is required in the business.

In my own small way I have prevented many businessmen from making public jackasses of themselves. Last year, for example, a prominent banker was to testify before a Senate committee. Surrounded by his entourage of economists, statisticians, and lawyers, he had spent weeks preparing his testimony. Two days before his session he was told about that strange and curious business called public relations. He called me in.

It took me hours to wade through

his eighty-nine pages of testimony. Now you don't have to be a genius to understand that no committee of Congress is going to listen to so much verbiage, except possibly when it comes from the President of the United States. It would be humanly impossible for the members to keep awake so long. Besides being too lengthy, the testimony was highly technical, incoherent and unintelligible.

So after much argument and many mutual insults, I was allowed to rewrite and boil down the testimony. I did it in eighteen hours, much to the chagrin of the bright boys of the entourage who had prided themselves on their effluvium. Using my copy, the banker made a good witness. I don't feel that I took money under false pretenses in that case.

I have earned my fees, too, when I helped businessmen counteract irresponsible blasts of oratory by Government officials, both in and out of Congress. When politicians set out to make all businessmen look like crooks, the individual businessman has to strike back, and he cannot do it alone. On his own, he'll prepare press releases twenty pages long. Such effusions are thrown into editorial wastebaskets. If he retains me, I become a press agent, rewriting the release down to one or two pages and distributing it to the wire services and radio stations. I help my client get his side of the story before the public, as is his right, and in my opinion both my work and my fee are justifiable.

And we do our real stuff when the

businessman runs smack into any arrogance in Government bureaucracy for the first time. Often the businessman is rightfully enraged, particularly when some young squirt, fresh out of college, tries to tell him how to run his business. In these cases the public relations counsel is employed in the rôle of peacemaker or arbitrator, and he is worth his fee.

My system is to closet the customer with a bottle of gin in his hotel room, because I know that the clash of personalities will distract both him and the bureaucrat from the business at hand, which may be a question of a Government loan or a priority for materials. I then proceed on my own. Oddly enough, the bureaucrat will not try to browbeat you if he feels that you, too, know something about business and Government, and especially if you are glib with the double talk employed in the departments. His official arrogance asserts itself with the businessman who knows little or nothing about Government, but when he senses that you have been around, he changes his tune.

So there you have my life work. As long as human nature is greedy and pressure groups thrive, "public relations experts" will continue to flourish. Any day now some enterprising college professor will raise the trade to a profession by making it an accredited subject in the curriculum, even as they have done with journalism.

I resent the phrase "public relations," and other meaningless and phony fronts designed to hoodwink the public. There is no such thing as public relations. If you use the word "representative," I understand what you mean. I have been representing firms and individuals for six years in the capacity of wet nurse, messenger boy, bird dog nosing out information, ghost writer, press agent, peddler of ideas, lobbyist, business consultant and journalistic fire-fighter.

I resent, furthermore, attempts to glorify a common trade in which the sole requisites are a clean shirt, a telephone number, a briefcase, and a subscription to the *New York Times*. Subtle implications of Washington "influence" always help, naturally.

Obviously, the business has its compensations. In my time I have been a schoolteacher, house-to-house magazine salesman, medicine peddler in the cotton fields, ordinary seaman, promotion manager of a publishing house, newspaperman, script writer, and hobo. Of all these human endeavors I find the trade of public relations the least repulsive.

The truth is that I don't like work of any kind, but if I must make a living, public relations "work" is as lucrative and effortless as anything I can think of.

At least it affords me time for reflection on past sins and for reading Horace with a jug of wine beside me in the wilderness of Washington.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Folk Lore

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

BY HORACE REYNOLDS

LET no one say our folk music wanes, drowned out in the crescendo of Tin Pan Alley concoctions reverberating from radio, motion picture, dance band, juke box. I am a witness to the contrary. It needs only the accident of wartime, bringing boys together from every race and clime, to reveal the incredible store of folk music that is in America's heart, waiting and wanting to burst out. An assignment to a detachment of the Army Air Force threw me amongst a bunch of boys from all over. Getting on a friendly footing was easy. The warm atmosphere of good fellowship incubated laughter, mockery, tenderness, the blues. It isn't the "movies," the "funnies," the "soap operas," that show what our people are like. It is their ballads.

The lore I picked up in this one detachment provided me with a song atlas of the United States. I got songs from farmers from the Middle West,

cowboys from Wyoming, pilots from the Ohio valley, factory and mill-workers, garage mechanics, lawyers and chiropractors. Offspring of various races, too. A Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma sang animal nonsense rhymes. A Chinese butcher boy from a cross-roads in Arizona sang this riddle:

Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing
You ever did see.

Incidentally, the answer is a watch. I learned that those from the South and the West generally know more songs than the North and East, though one of the best song carriers I talked with sprang from Washington, Connecticut. I came to realize after a time that a line like "Chicken in the bread tray, scratching up dough" serves as well as the Mason and Dixon Line to separate the North from the South. Almost every Southerner can complete the couplet in one way or another. Almost every Northerner cannot. I confirmed my impression that

HORACE REYNOLDS was for more than a year a civilian instructor in aircraft instruments to the Army Air Force and this article was a result. He has contributed to Atlantic Monthly, Yale Review, Saturday Review of Literature and other publications. He is now working on a book on the Kanawha River for the Rivers of America series.

Old Dan Tucker is probably our best known back-country song; that *Frankie and Johnnie* is our best known ballad; that a song like the *Brown Ferry Blues* is a favorite in Georgia; that deep in the heart of Texas you find a mighty strong liking for the Blues.

Closest to our hearts, perhaps because they come out of the back country, the Old West, the frontier of America, are the songs that echo down Cripple Creek and around the foot of Sourwood Mountain. These are the songs of Henry Clay, Andy Jackson, and Abe Lincoln, the songs of the men who went pioneering. Though almost everyone from the Blue Ridge country seems to know *Cripple Creek*, the song is strangely absent from the song collections. This Cripple Creek is a place of joy and jollity, a backwoods Land of Heart's Desire:

Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' on a run,
Goin' up Cripple Creek to have a little fun.

A sleepy boy from North Carolina sang that, and from way down in Tennessee came this couplet:

Roll my britches above my knees,
Wade old Cripple Creek where I please.

II

Up Cripple Creek live those two much-sung worthies, *Old Dan Tucker* and *Old Joe Clark*. I reckon Old Dan is a mite better known than Old Joe. But Old Joe is gaining favor every day. He now has a place in the official Army Song Book between the *Old Gray Mare* and *Old King Cole*. The

best of *Old Dan Tucker* has been written by the folk. None of Dan Emmett's original six verses has the cornfield and rail fence flavor, the smell of wood smoke, the sound of scrapin' fiddle, of the following quatrain, which I got from a boy from South Carolina:

Old Dan Tucker went to town
Ridin' a sheep an' leadin' a hound.
Hound gave a yip, sheep gave a jump,
Sat Old Dan Tucker a-straddle a stump.

Old Joe's a chip off the same block. His verses are legion. From another Southern boy I got a verse I'd never heard before:

I went down to Old Joe's house,
He was sick in bed;
Ran my finger down his throat
And pulled out a chicken head.

That man must have been as surprised as little Jack Horner.

Old Aunt Dinah wanders in and out of Old Dan Tucker; in fact she even usurps his place, his prerogative of getting drunk, falling in the fire, kicking up a chunk, and crossing over from white to colored, and from colored to white. She's sure a wanderin' old lady. In that hell-raising place, Cumberland Gap, she takes a spell and breaks a jug full of corn liquor. Other rhymes record her mammoth size. She's so tall that when she sits in the kitchen, her feet stick out in the hall. She's only got one eye, according to a South Carolina couplet:

Old Aunt Dinah behind a tree
One eye shut, and the other can't see.

But she never seems to have crystallized into a real honest-to-goodness

folksong heroine in her own right. She remains a minor character, a starlet. Her nearest approach, so far as I know, to a full stardom is in a Georgia rhyme with a refrain of seeming in-consequence:

Old Aunt Dinah, long and tall,
She sits in the parlor with her feet in the hall.
Old salty dog!

Old Aunt Dinah, comin' across the fiel'
Kickin' up dust like an automobile.
Old salty dog!

Just what that old salty dog has to do with Aunt Dinah, or anything else, for that matter, would be hard to discover now. Perhaps it expresses the mood, the state of mind of the singer. I believe I do know, though, part of why we like such incongruities. It's because they'd be so hard to think of. Like the Massachusetts rhyme,

Funniest thing I ever saw
Was a monkey kissing his mother-in-law,
they're beyond the reach of conscious art.

Ida Red is one of those girls from the head o' the holler who went West and perhaps changed color, too. Surely in some verses the red of her surname is symbolic. She can tap a mean bare heel on the cabin floor. And she has other accomplishments:

Ida, Ida Red, she's no fool,
She can throw a saddle on a hump-backed mule.

This has the sound of a dance call. The caller starts out with some such stock line as "Ida, Ida Red" or "Possum up a gum tree," trusting to the inspira-

tion of a rhyme word to carry him on. Sometimes in the heat of the dance he mints a phrase of pure gold which goes dancing down through balladry to the delight of generations of hoe-downers. Here is such a couplet from Texas:

Went to town in a little red wagon.
Three wheels off and the fourth one a-waggin'.

And here's its close relative from Connecticut:

Here comes Pop in a buckboard wagon.
Hind wheel off and the axle draggin'.

III

There were no Negroes in the detachment where I learned these songs but certain of the Negro's songs came to me through white carriers. Most express the strong race-consciousness of the American Negro. This quatrain from Texas sings a grim mood:

I was standin' on the corner
With a bucket in my hand,
Waiting for the slop
From a white man's hand.

Few Northern white men realize how much more conscious the Negro is of the white man than the white man is of the Negro. Here is a lighter note, the conscience-less mood of the nachul-bo'n easman:

There ain't no use of me workin' so hard,
I got a wife in a white man's yard.
She kills a chicken and saves me the head,
Thinks I'm workin', but I'm layin' in bed,
Sleepin', dreamin' about her; runnin'
around with women;
Havin' a good time.

This is the song of a fancy man, one of

those randsome, handsome stickamas-tews who prance, Sportin'-Life-like, through Negro folksong.

Also in Negro song there's a whole saga about the white gal, the yaller gal, and the black gal, built on the pattern of the following quatrain from Ohio:

White gal rides in automobile,
Yaller gal does some of the same,
Black gal rides in a slop cart
But she gets there just the same.

It's a song of democracy. It sings a philosophy of life. The rich man's gal may warble like Galli-cu (Galli-Cur-ci), the poor man's gal bray like a corn-fed mule, still "That's singin' just the same." The conditions of sleeping, riding, drinking, loving, may be different, but it's all sleeping, riding, drinking, loving: the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.

There are ballads which tell a connected story, like *Frankie and Johnnie*, and there are other songs which convey an atmosphere. They are Expressionism in folksong. To this class belongs the song of the Chisholm Trail, which I got from a cowboy from Texas. This song hymns the days when men drove cattle from as far down as the Rio Grande up to the railhead towns of Kansas. It is a soundtrack of events and feelings at a moment of great ebullience in the South West: the Civil War was over, range cattle were free for the herding, and hell-raising lay waiting at Caldwell, Abilene and Ellsworth. The men with their feet in the stirrups and their heads in the clouds liked their work.

Would they quit cowpunching for any dame? Momentarily, yes,

Hopped on my pony and I gave a little yell:
Goin' to see my honey, let the cows go to hell.

But not for long. As a redheaded boy from Altoona, Pennsylvania, added:

Now all you young ladies where'er you reside
Never marry a man who swings a rawhide.
He'll kiss you and pet you and leave you and go
Riding down the long trail on his bucking bronco.

IV

The boys sang much that is not recorded here. They chorused verses about Lalapaloosa Lu; about the gal who wore around her neck a yellow ribbon; and the immortal Sarah Jane, who for years has been promising to meet us when the clock struck seventeen. They put new embellishments into the gyrations of *Pop Goes the Weasel*. In a merry mood of mockery they sang "Oh we hope that Grandma's teeth will soon fit Jeannie" and of the goin's-on the night that Paddy Murphy died when

They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the beer.

A coal miner from western Virginia sang with shut eyes a hymn about the Great Shining Light. A lineman from Texas crooned:

I got the freight train blues,
Lordy, Lordy, Lordy,
In the bottom of my ramblin' shoes,

lines in which you can sure hear the wildcat whistle of a south-bound freight. Men who had been in jail remembered lines from the subterranean sewers of folksong. Today radio, movie, and juke-box are giving these lewd songs a new value. Because the obscene ballad cannot circulate except from fleshly lip to fleshly ear, it is fast becoming a disproportionate part of the body of living folklore.

The boys in this cross-section knew few of the English and Scottish popular ballads which at one time American scholarship deemed the only balladry here worth collecting. One Boston Irish boy sang me a sad English ballad, rarely recorded on this side of

the water, which he called *Mary Franklin*. I can still remember his relish of the sweet dying fall of the refrain phrase, "Down by the silvery tide." A North Carolina boy sang *Bell Bottomed Trousers*, the ballad of the foolish barmaid of a Dreary Lane which most evidently once was Drury. But for the most part the songs these boys sang were American, at least by naturalization. Though collected in a grim, hurried, unconvivial atmosphere of whirring test stands and bellowing suction pumps, jotted down on the back of inspection cards of airspeed indicators and directional gyros, they sing a good deal of the America these boys were fighting to make safe.

Medicine

REPAIRING HEARTS BY SURGERY

BY LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG

SURGEONS have not yet discovered the operation that will actually rejuvenate an exhausted, debilitated heart. Old hearts cannot be made new, but wounded hearts can be patched up, tired hearts can be given a lift, aching hearts freed from pain, and even the mistakes of nature can often be rectified. In experimental laboratories courageous surgeons are cautiously tampering with the deli-

cate mechanism of the heart-valve.

The most vital of our organs, the heart has, until recently, been regarded as lying outside the surgeon's domain. Accidental, penetrating wounds of the heart were universally accepted as fatal. In fact, even arm-chair speculation by imaginative doctors as to the possibility of suturing cardiac wounds was greeted by ridicule from the majority of the profession. Less than fifty years ago the eminent surgeon, Dr. Theodor Billroth, pontifically announced: "Any surgeon who would attempt to suture a wound

LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG was trained as a laboratory technician after receiving her B.S. degree from Simmons College. For the past two years she has been writing popular expositions of scientific subjects for many of the national magazines.

of the heart is not worthy of the serious consideration of his colleagues."

But how wrong Dr. Billroth was! In fact, less than a year later (in 1897) Dr. L. Rehn gambled his professional reputation on what certainly looked like a very poor risk. His patient was a twenty-two year old man who had been stabbed in the heart thirty-six hours earlier. When first seen, the patient was pulseless and, to all outward appearances, practically dead. It took more than ordinary courage to operate, for never before had a surgeon succeeded in closing a heart wound and saving a patient from death. Dr. Rehn did precisely that. So unprecedented was his patient's recovery that the distinguished surgeon exhibited the grateful young man to the German Surgical Congress seven months later. Nowadays when a patient recovers from a stab wound of the heart thanks to a surgeon's skill, it is generally accepted so matter-of-factly that the event rates hardly three or four small lines among miscellaneous news items. Nowadays, too, an isolated case of a successfully sutured heart wound would scarcely seem important enough to most surgeons to warrant being reported in a surgical journal.

Statistically, since the turn of the century, surgical literature records more than 600 such cases. One surgeon, Dr. Daniel C. Elkin of Atlanta, Georgia, has personally treated thirty-six cases and in eighteen the operation was followed by recovery. Since unrepaired heart lacerations used to be

nearly always fatal, the ability to save 50 per cent of the lives is a distinct triumph for modern surgery.

There is probably no accident or injury that is accompanied by so much drama and excitement as a stab wound of the heart. Although it may occur unintentionally, it is usually the result of a brawl. Ordinarily the stabbed person does not collapse at once but is able to fight on for a few moments or even run several blocks. When brought to the accident room of the hospital, he may be confused, unconscious or show abnormal signs of excitation. His face is pale, his lips bluish, his skin cold.

According to Dr. W. Strieder, visiting surgeon in thoracic surgery at the Boston City Hospital, the chest wound is usually on the left side, close to the breast-bone and, curiously, there may be little or no bleeding from it. The pulse is poor and the heart sounds may be just barely heard with a stethoscope or be entirely inaudible. Even on fluoroscopic examination, heart beats may not be detectable. In most cases, once the diagnosis is established, operation is carried out immediately. Extreme care is taken to avoid infection which may be a disastrous complication. A hypodermic injection of morphine is given to quiet the patient. If possible, general (inhalation) anesthesia is used.

Although the patient's condition may be serious because of blood loss, it is not always the hemorrhage that is killing. Equally often what happens is that the blood, pouring from the heart, flows into the pericardium, the

sac-like structure in which the heart is enveloped. As the pericardium fills, it becomes distended and thus the heart is mechanically arrested just as surely as if it were held in a vise. In operating, the surgeon gives the pericardium as much attention as he does the heart itself.

If hemorrhage is severe, the doctor may find it necessary not only to suture the wound but actually to tie off one of the coronary blood vessels. This technically difficult and hazardous operation was performed not long ago on a six-year-old boy. D. Z. was playing happily in the streets of São Paulo, Brazil, when an iron splinter accidentally penetrated his chest and lacerated his heart. Fifty minutes later when he was first seen at the hospital by Dr. D. de J. Zerbin, the child was comatose and pulseless. To stop bleeding, the surgeon was forced to suture the left coronary artery. The boy recovered and an electrocardiogram, taken 238 days after operation, was practically normal.

II

In wartime, heart wounds have a special interest. Compression of the heart due to blood in the pericardium must be recognized promptly and treated quickly if life is to be saved. The War Department recognizes this fact. In its technical manual, *Guides to Therapy for Medical Officers*, it has given Army doctors detailed instructions for the proper management of this type of battle casualty.

When it comes to predictions, outstanding surgeons may prove to be poor prophets. In 1882 Dr. Samuel D. Gross, president of the American Surgical Society, stated with an air of finality, "All avenues of approach to surgery have been investigated." In 1938 another Gross — Dr. Robert E. Gross — proved his predecessor was wrong when he pioneered a brand new "avenue of approach" by successfully correcting a serious congenital abnormality of the heart in a seven-and-one-half-year-old girl.

For the unborn child, birth is a sudden transition from a parasitic to an independent existence. Normally the newborn makes many spontaneous adjustments to its altered mode of life. With the baby's first breath of air, the heart and blood vessels begin to undergo changes that make life possible outside the mother's womb. One of these changes takes place in a large blood vessel that lies next to the heart and joins the aorta to the main artery of the left lung.

This blood vessel is called the ductus arteriosus and although it is essential to the circulation of the fetus, its persistence in childhood and adult life may be a serious error on the part of nature. Normally, nature closes this vessel within three to ten minutes after birth and it subsequently shrinks into a dry, bloodless cord. But, occasionally, the ductus remains open ("patent," the doctors say) and thus the short-circuit between the general and the pulmonary circulation is abnormally continued into childhood.

This short-circuit may endanger the life and health of a person in many ways since heart actions sooner or later become impaired. Of the 20,000 individuals in the United States afflicted with this disease, most of them will probably die in childhood or early adolescence.

To get back to Doctor Gross' patient, she already had enlargement of the heart in spite of her youth. Although her birth had been apparently normal and she was not a "blue baby," examination at the age of three had revealed that a congenital malformation of the heart was present. During the next four years her activities were limited.

Doctors had been speculating for thirty years on the theoretical advantages of closing a patent ductus arteriosus and completing the task left unfinished by nature. Once, in 1937, the operation had been attempted as a last resort on a dying person and it ended in failure. For years Dr. Gross and his associates at the Harvard Medical School had been studying the problem, experimenting on animals.

And now, on one August morning in 1938, everything was in readiness. Cautiously the patient was anesthetized and the long-planned operation was begun. As the incision was carried through the chest wall and the left lung was allowed to deflate, the left pulmonary artery and aorta came readily into view. One more incision—and now the ductus could be seen. Quickly the ligatures were

placed and the abnormal vessel was permanently tied off. Immediately the bizarre pathological heart sounds disappeared and the blood pressure rose to normal levels. For the first time in history, a patent ductus arteriosus had been closed surgically.

The postoperative course was even better than had been anticipated. Not a sign of shock. Blood, which was held in readiness for a transfusion, was found to be unnecessary. By the third day the patient was walking.

Since then, Dr. Gross has operated upon fifty-six patients with this ailment and with only two surgical deaths. Other surgeons, following Dr. Gross' lead, have confirmed and repeated his brilliant results.

While Dr. Gross was searching for a technique that would rescue children from invalidism and death, Dr. Claude S. Beck of Cleveland was carrying out experiments in cardiac surgery that may have even farther reaching consequences. What Dr. Beck sought was an operation that would bring a new blood supply to the heart in those cases where the normal supply had been reduced by disease.

Take, for example, the serious condition known as coronary thrombosis. In this disease, the coronary arteries that lie within the heart and bring blood and nourishment to it become plugged with blood-clot. As a result of this interference to its circulation, the heart muscle itself fails to receive its normal requirement of blood. The damage that is produced may be so great that it may cause sud-

den death. On the other hand, recovery may be practically complete or, equally often, the victim may be condemned to a life of semi-invalidism.

No one knows just why coronary thrombosis causes such severe and alarming pain. According to most investigators there can be but little doubt that it is in some way associated with a deficiency in the blood supply to the heart muscle. Although medicines designed to improve the circulation give reasonably effective relief to a great many cases, there are still numerous instances where medicinal therapy is inadequate.

Experiments on dogs, first begun by Dr. C. S. Beck about ten years ago, demonstrated conclusively that a secondary blood supply to the heart could be established by grafting the muscles of the chest onto the bared surface of the heart. In fact so satisfactory was the graft's "take" that the experimental animal would survive even though the circulation was later stopped in both of the main arteries of the heart.

Dr. Beck's first patient was operated on February 13, 1935. Needless to say, a patient with a serious heart disease like coronary thrombosis is a poor surgical risk. And yet this forty-eight-year-old farm laborer who had suffered two years with heart pains, and whose agony had forced him to stop working, reported that he had been "cured" by the operation. Soon he was back again on his farm and the following winter able to work.

Following Dr. Beck's example,

other surgeons have sought additional methods of bringing blood to the heart. Dr. Laurence O'Shaughnessy working in England at approximately the same time devised an operation whereby the omentum, an abdominal tissue-like organ, was used as a graft to the heart.

An interesting recent development that avoids the necessity of grafts is the use of talcum powder dusted on the heart's surface. The value of a bland foreign substance as a dusting powder was first suggested by the experiments of Dr. F. R. Mautz and Dr. C. S. Beck. They noted that when powdered bone was placed between the heart and the pericardium it was mildly irritating and stimulated the growth and formation of blood vessels to the heart's surface. Talcum powder was later used and extremely promising results have been reported by several surgeons in small series of cases. The operation is simpler to perform than grafting.

The heart is no longer the *sanctum sanctorum* where no surgeon dares to enter. Although cardiac surgery is still largely in the experimental stage, much has already been accomplished. The surgeon cannot be expected to perform feats of magic. Not every aged, ailing heart can be transformed into a young, vigorous one by a mere whisk of the scalpel. But, thanks to the surgeons' courage and resourcefulness, many cardiac invalids, whose condition was regarded as hopeless only ten short years ago, can now be given a new lease on life.

WHAT SWINGS AN ELECTION

BY LOWELL M. LIMPUS

If [Mr. Roosevelt] makes the attempt [for a third term], then he would be defeated, humiliated and discredited — and well deserve to be. He easily might fail of the nomination; he would, in my opinion, certainly be overwhelmingly beaten at the polls. These are rather unequivocal statements; but there are practical, political facts which sustain them. (1938)

If the present effort to secure a fourth term succeeds . . . almost everyone, except the professional Democratic spokesmen, concede that Mr. Roosevelt would have a Congress far more hostile than now — a Congress in which Republicans would control the House and the Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats the Senate. (1944)

THE same man wrote both the foregoing predictions. He is a widely read and respected political columnist. The second one appeared in his syndicated article of May 15, 1944. The first was published in the January issue of a national magazine, six years earlier.

I do not identify him by name because I have no desire to parade his particular mistakes in public; they are cited merely as an example of the

wishful thinking typical of a whole school of political writers, and Mr. X. (who is usually an efficient, clear-thinking man) happened to be the first one to come to hand. He has plenty of high-toned company, who go on year after year, indulging in predictions that have a habit of turning very sour indeed. The question naturally arises: are they deliberately misleading their readers or are they merely kidding themselves? I think they are kidding themselves.

There's a whole school of them — many with national reputations. They deliver their judgments with pontifical dignity. They sagely discuss "trends" among the voters, analyze "movements" of great blocks of ballots back and forth between the major parties, with ponderous deliberation. But their analyses frequently go haywire at the polls.

This *should* discredit their later predictions, but it never does. They go right on doing business at the same old stand, becoming more and more famous and "authoritative." One rea-

LOWELL M. LIMPUS is a veteran political writer of twenty years' standing who has covered Washington, Albany and New York City. He is a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard and the author of half a dozen books. This is his first contribution on a political subject, however, since the beginning of the war. He has been specializing in military matters since Pearl Harbor and is the writer of a syndicated military column.

son may be that they customarily write the kind of thing that their particular readers like to read; and another probably is due to the fact that the memory of those readers never seems to go further back than the day-before-yesterday. Nobody reading the political seers of the *New York Sun* or the *Chicago Tribune* today recalls that most of these same gentry were sensing an overwhelming GOP surge back in 1940 . . . and 1936 . . . and 1932.

II

The hard, cold fact is that there are no recognizable political trends. If you will make a listing of the election returns for the past fifty years for both major parties and the occasional third parties, and examine the figures, you will discover that no major party ever seems to make any big gain at the expense of the other, whatever happens on election day.

Here are some of the election returns:

Year	Democrats	Republicans
1884	4,900,000	4,850,000
1892	5,550,000	5,200,000
1896	6,470,000	7,035,000
1912	6,290,000	7,610,000
1916	9,130,000	8,540,000
1920	9,150,000	16,150,000
1924	8,386,000	15,725,000
1928	15,000,000	21,400,000
1932	22,820,000	15,760,000
1936	27,475,000	16,680,000
1940	27,240,000	22,300,000

These figures (together with those for the omitted years) show that there were 5-6,000,000 Democratic voters from 1884 through 1912, that the total increased to about 9,000,000 from 1916 through 1924, climbed to 15,000,000 in 1928, rose to 23,000,000 in 1932 and has been around 27,000,000 ever since.

The Republican totals average around 5,000,000 from 1884 through 1892, fluctuate around 7-8,000,000 from 1896 through 1916, climb to about 16,000,000 in 1920 and remain thereabouts until 1940, when they soar to 22,000,000. The single exception is 1928, when they reached 21,000,000 — but that turns out to be a special case, all mixed up with 5,000,000 votes that were polled by La-Follette in 1924.

Election after election, neither major party seems to lose any considerable portion of a total vote once gained; apparently the other side changes the balance of power only by bringing out quantities of new voters . . . swarms of people who have never cast a ballot before. And now you begin to realize that when masses of people once decide to support either major party they generally stay with it until they die.

There were big changes in the lineup in certain years — 1904, 1920, 1928 and 1932 for example — but careful inspection reveals that they were caused by floods of new ballots, cast by people who had never voted before. It is evident that hordes of new voters come at recurrent inter-

¹Includes GOP bolters to Progressive Party.

vals and that they are inclined to come in waves. In some years the totals are virtually unchanged and in 1904 there were actually 430,000 fewer ballots cast than in 1900.

Let's glance at another table:

<i>Year</i>	<i>New Ballots (gain over the previous election)</i>	<i>Total Vote Cast</i>
1888	1,350,000	11,380,000
1896	1,770,000	13,815,000
1916	3,500,000	18,530,000
1920	8,180,000	26,700,000
1928	7,860,000	36,880,000
1936	5,830,000	45,650,000
1940	4,170,000	49,815,000

Study of the complete tables shows us that ever since 1892, a big increase in new votes has been reflected in a similar gain by one particular party. Occasionally, it was a third party, as in 1892 when the Populists reaped the gain, or in 1924 when LaFollette garnered the increase. But the Republicans got most of the benefit in 1896, 1920 and 1940, while the Democrats did likewise in 1916, 1928 and 1936.

The big increase doesn't always win the election, however. Willkie apparently got all of the new votes in 1940, but they weren't enough. And Smith was the choice of the largest number of them in 1928, but again they weren't enough, because Hoover was also benefiting from the transfer of the 1924 LaFollette vote.

That 1928 election is the most difficult to analyze, but the figures show that it brought out 7,860,000 new

voters and minority parties lost 4,430,000 ballots to their elder rivals as LaFollette's 1924 vote was split up. This gives us 12,300,000 additional ballots to be distributed between the two old parties, and it is easy to determine how they went. The Democrats got 6,630,000 more than in 1924 and the Republicans 5,580,000. The question is how much of each increase came from LaFollette.

It seems pretty plain that the LaFollette vote went to Hoover, however, both because of the circumstances and the way it acted later. It was concentrated in normally Republican territory in the Mid-West, where the prohibition issue reacted against Smith, and it is almost the same size as the block which didn't stay put four years later. The GOP gained 5,580,000 votes in 1928 and lost 5,630,000 in 1932. But the Democrats held their 1928 gain and increased it four years later.

It thus becomes evident that the Republicans gained a block of vote in 1928, which seems to have included the greatest part of the LaFollette ballots, and lost a similar group four years later, by which time the more liberal Roosevelt appeared a more logical heir of the radical LaFollette than the conservative Hoover. And there's one more bit of evidence.

Roosevelt received 7,805,000 more votes than Smith had gotten four years before. If he picked up the 5,000,000 lost by the GOP on the LaFollette temporary transfer, that leaves 2,

805,000 to be accounted for. However, there were 2,940,000 new ballots cast that year. The 135,000 of them that Roosevelt didn't get show up in increased Socialist and other minority party totals.

Thus the shift appears to be a solid block of independent votes that joined LaFollette in 1924, shifted to Hoover in 1928 and went on to Roosevelt in 1932, and at the end of that transfer, the GOP was just about back where it started, with 15,760,000 votes in 1932 as against 15,725,000 in 1924. Thus no large block of regular voters had shifted from either major party to the other, after all.

Some captious critics may disagree with this analysis of the 1928 ballots, but the fact remains that if you list the third party results separately, election by election, you can generally trace them right into the ranks of one of the two old parties four years later. Such third Party votes do shift about though — but they are the only ones that do — and they have to move on because the third Parties die out. But, unless you have a third Party dividend to distribute (from the preceding election) you needn't even think about trends. The figures show no Republican-Democratic trend, or vice versa.

The trends come with the insurge of new ballots — as in 1920 when woman suffrage increased the total almost 45 per cent, adding 8,180,000 votes to the previous total. It certainly looks as though the ladies swarmed into the dry GOP in a body. The

Democrats registered virtually no gain — only about 20,000 votes over 1916, in fact. The minor parties boosted their total by 550,000. But Harding hit the jackpot, with a Republican gain of 7,610,000, which put his party so far out in front that it was safe even from the opposition increase of 1928.

III

And that's the way it goes. No party *normally* ever falls far below a previously gained total. Which means that the politicians, who make this thing a business, usually know exactly what they can count on before the ballots are cast. And the application for the 1944 election is clear.

The Democrats start out with 27,000,000 votes on which they can count (providing the soldiers and transient war workers are not virtually disfranchised). They can count on them because they have already reached that peak, and only once in the past half century has the party lost more than 2 per cent of the total cast at the preceding election. And the Republicans can count on about 22,000,000 to start with. They can count on them for about the same reasons. Except for that unreliable LaFollette crowd, which deserted Hoover in 1932, *they* have never lost a sizeable block of votes to their Democratic opponents.

Thus the Republicans start out 5,000,000 votes behind. They can win only in two ways, if precedent is any guide. They must either bring at least

5,000,000 new voters to the polls or they must "disfranchise" enough soldiers and transients to give them a net gain of 5,000,000 over the Democrats.

So far, the new voters aren't in sight. Despite all the talk about trends in the mid-term special elections, there was only one Kentucky district which showed any kind of an increase in total ballots cast — and that's pretty feeble evidence on which to base evidence of nation-wide "trends."

Dewey may bring out the new voters needed. If he can register as big a gain as Willkie did — 4,600,000 over the election before — he will be within striking distance of victory. But the chances of this happening seem slim. If it comes it will be reflected in increased registration.

His other chance of victory is, in one way or other, to keep more than

5,000,000 Democrats from voting. To some Washington observers that appeared to be the purpose of the soldier-vote law. But, if he should win that way, it wouldn't be as a result of any trend to the GOP; it would be by the "disfranchisement" of the men in uniform. And the same is true of the millions of factory workers who have changed their voting residences in order to assist in war industries. The same result can be secured by disfranchising a sufficient number of *them*.

The lesson of all this is plain. The current discussion of trends is so much pipe-smoke. There are no inter-party trends in Presidential elections. There never have been. You need to bring out new voters to win; if you can't bring out new voters, you're probably sunk.

This is not a theory. It's a hard, cold fact.



CATTLE AT EVENING

BY MARION DOYLE

SWEET-BREATHED and pensively they stand,
 Patient as the ancient land.
 Their great eyes pools of liquid light
 Beneath the quaintly wrinkled brows,
 They wait the coming on of night
 Under the crooked apple boughs.
 The bells beneath their tawny throats
 Ring little asking silvery notes
 That — for no reason one can find —
 Bring all earth's sorrow to the mind.

INDIANS ON THE WARPATH AGAIN

BY BURNET HERSHEY

WHEN the insubordination of a particularly insolent batch of unresigned Nazis threatened trouble in a prisoner stockade behind the Fifth Army front in Italy, the Yank commandant knew what to do. He telephoned H.Q. of the 45th Division, a National Guard outfit from the Southwest. A truck brought over a specially chosen squad of soldiers. Each was over six feet tall; each was unmistakably an Indian. The squad paced silently among the recalcitrants, directing lingering attention upon the closely cropped heads, then went into a huddle. The commandant joined them, looked and listened briefly to their gestures and gutturals, and remarked distinctly, "Well, can't you wait 'till their hair grows out? I'll have you detailed here as extra guards." The Indians shrugged, gave the prisoners final baleful glares, and marched off toward guards' quarters. Murmurs started by Germans who understood English, quickly reverberated through the stockade. There were no further difficulties with that batch of *supermen*.

The Indians who staged the scene

have had plenty of laughs remembering it. The commandant didn't understand a word of Navajo. He just arranged the routine and German imagination did the rest. The strict rules of the Geneva Convention do not circumscribe prisoners' imaginations.

Germans have been told a great deal about American Indians. They know more about them than most Americans do. Their ideas of the Red men have not come entirely from Wild West fiction and movies — always popular with German youth. After the last war, General Karl von Prutch told them:

The most dangerous of the American soldiers is the Indian. He is brave above all else. He knows far more about camouflage, inherited from his ancestors, than any modern soldier that has had the benefit of science and great laboratories. He is a dead shot. He needs no orders when he advances. He is an army within himself. He is the one American soldier Germany must fear.

Von Rundstedt and Rommel had reason to remember Von Prutch's words last June 6, for on the beaches of Normandy and behind the lines in the first waves of paratroopers were

BURNET HERSHEY has been a correspondent for the New York Times, the New York Post and other newspapers. He now is a radio commentator and contributor to Saturday Evening Post, Liberty and other magazines.

Indians showing their special talents for this form of warfare. Indians have placed their impress upon this, as upon all arms of the service. The war whoop of paratroopers on all fronts, the word they utter as they leap, is *Geronimol* — the name of the most extraordinary foe the U. S. Army ever had to overcome. (Once this Apache chieftain with a small band of tribesmen held off 3,000 veteran cavalrymen for days and then escaped without loss.) Regarding the Indian impress on the Army, General Douglas MacArthur recently declared:

As a warrior the Indian's fame is world wide. Many successful methods of modern warfare are based on what he evolved centuries ago. Individually he exemplified what the line fighter could do by adaptation to the characteristics of the particular countryside in which he fought. His tactics, so brilliantly utilized by our first great commander, George Washington, again apply in basic principle to the vast jungle-covered reaches of the present war.

Enemy armies may adopt and use Indian tactics, but they cannot have Indian collaboration. Indians serve only America. No Indian loyalties are divided. They were amused at attempts of some Axis agents to foment an Indian "revolt" against their "oppressors." Of the predominantly Indian-blooded population of 400,000, more than 25,000 are in the armed services — most of them volunteers. They are making contributions to our war effort far out of proportion to their numbers.

Three things combine to make the Indian "... the best damn soldier in

the Army," as one regimental commander called him, confirming the Von Prutch opinion. One is his physique. From generations of specialized training and adaptation, Indians have muscles that endure the most rigorous strain. Their muscular coordination is almost perfect. "In fifteen years of coaching athletics," says Major Gilstrap, formerly of Oklahoma Military Academy, "I never saw an Indian who lacked that rhythm, timing coordination, that golfers call *form*." Their sensory perceptions are very highly developed, making them the perfect scouts, and they are unexcelled in ability to sustain themselves in fighting condition on minimum water and rations. Another special Indian quality is imperturbability. It is reported authoritatively that in thousands of Army psychiatric tests of men of all races, the Indian showed the greatest resistance to mental strain. One eminent psychologist attributes this to the spiritual poise produced by the Indian's religious philosophy. God, to him, is identical with an universal, omnipresent, helpful force in nature. Respect for this force enables the Indian to stand fast, to summon superhuman powers within himself.

II

The differences between Indians and other soldiers in these respects may be exaggerated. The Indians themselves are amused at being classified as persons apart. It is difficult for a casual observer to pick out the Indian mem-

bers of a mixed group of sun-tanned veterans. Some are extraordinarily handsome, some are homely as any G.I. However, there is one Indian attribute, the third of those referred to above, which gives him an advantage over all other soldiers. This is his unique language system, with which he provides instantaneously, an unbreakable secret communications method in front lines. Its value in some localities can hardly be overstated.

The traditional method of military communication is in code, which slows up messages, because of the time required for encoding and decoding, at times when seconds may be precious. Also, it is difficult to prevent copies of a code from falling into the hands of an enemy or to delay enemy cryptologists from cracking it; therefore new codes must be developed constantly. But two Indians with *walkie-talkies* can stump the intelligence staffs of the entire Imperial Japanese Army or the whole Reich *Wehrmacht*. The advantage this gives to our Army is not temporary, as with any code system. It will continue as long as there are Indians in the United States who speak their native languages. That promises to be a very long time, because the "Vanishing Americans" have doubled in the last forty years, and they have preserved their tribal cultures.

Indian dialects are secure from prying because there is no way to learn them except by living with Indians; and the American Indian is an ex-

clusive being who has little disposition to admit strangers to intimacy. It is true a few of the hundreds of Indian dialects have been put in books that enemy agents might obtain and study; but these would not enable any one to master the dialects. For all are living languages, constantly changing.

The Indians had no words, of course, for such modern innovations as jeeps, tanks, planes. To them the jeep became a sand-flea; the tank, a turtle; a bomber, a hawk. Knowing this is no aid to the enemy, for there are many words for sand-fleas, turtles, hawks, *et al.*, in Indian cosmogony that are distinguished by inflections only an Indian would recognize. Young braves have complicated their argot further with adaptations of paleface slang that are as unintelligible to their own elders as *hep-cat* to a Boston dowager. How meaningless it must be to Jap and German Intelligence, or to anyone else not accustomed to Indian language since childhood, is obvious.

In setting up communications units to exploit this advantage, the armed forces must, of course, take care to have plenty of replacements for Indians in each of the six language groups into which all North American tribesmen fall. All Indian dialects are not intelligible to any Indian. For example, Zuni tribesmen from southwestern pueblos have a language disconnected from any other dialects. Because of the necessity for grouping, Indians have been able to preserve tribal identities in the armed forces. Their dispositions in the services are a

military secret, but some facts have been cleared for publication.

One of the entirely Indian elements in the Marine Corps is Navajo. What these men have accomplished against the Japanese in the jungles of the southwest Pacific islands may be one day told as historic fact. Its magnitude is suggested by the statement of General MacArthur, quoted above. *How* they accomplished it will of a certainty enrich the folk lore passing from one generation to another around campfires at tribal powwows. It is an exciting thought that tradition now is being formed to be handed down in the same way as imperishable traditions which we know through the classics of Persia, China and Judea.

III

One hero the war already has given the Osage story-tellers is Major General Clarence L. Tinker, full-blooded member of the tribe and the first general officer to be killed after Pearl Harbor. As a youth in Indian Territory, Clarence Tinker took part in the annual tribal festival. This year, deviating from ritual for the first time in generations, the tribe wove a memorial service for the Air Corps general into its festival rites in Oklahoma. Oklahoma tribesmen also had a living hero to whom to give ritual salutes this year — Lieut. Ernest L. Childers, recent winner of the supreme award for courage above and beyond the call of duty, the Congressional Medal of Honor. He won it in Italy against

Nazis whose propagandists had said Indians were "slaves" awaiting "liberation" from their "oppressors." The propagandists had forgotten, conveniently, Von Prutch's declaration about how Indians fought for the U. S.

Before our entrance into this war, Indians in the Army totalled 4,062, or one in every ten male Indians between twenty-one and thirty-five. Typically, Navajo tribesmen responded to the first draft registration call by appearing in ranks, equipped with guns. They were disappointed when they learned all they were expected to do was indicate willingness to fight. The same spirit was shown by the other tribes. After hearing the President's speech the day after Pearl Harbor, the council of the Crows voted to turn over all their reservation's resources — oil, coal, and other minerals — to the government; and to make their entire manpower available for combat service. At the Grand Portage reservation in Minnesota, all single Chippewas except three enlisted. Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Nez Percé tribes voted to suspend their claims against the Government for the duration of the war. Sioux danced the first Sun Dance in half a century when 2,000 braves assembled to go on the warpath against the "Mustache-Smeller," which is one Indian name for Hitler.

To one who commented wonderingly on the overwhelming evidences of the patriotism of the Indians, an Indian captain said with a pleasant smile but pointedly:

"It's *our* country, isn't it?"

THE PRESIDENT'S PRESS CONFERENCE

By JOHN H. CRIDER

As President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt has long been the target for consistent attacks by a large body of American newspapers. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that there is hardly an editor or Washington correspondent who lacks the highest admiration for his direct manner of dealing with the press. Under him, the press conference has had its greatest development. The relationship has been anything but smooth, it is true. For if the press has criticized the President, he, in turn, has lambasted the press. Yet, where other Presidents have closed their doors during times of stress, Roosevelt has extended his press conferences even into grim war years.

Twice a week, when he is in town, newspaper correspondents and radio commentators troop past the White House guards to their regular sessions with the President. And every day, a smaller group of correspondents seeks news in the Press Room of the Executive Office Wing. In no other country does such a relationship exist. In a world too prone to set chief executives apart from the people,

Franklin D. Roosevelt has maintained a democratic give and take and has added an unprecedented informality to the conference procedure.

About a half hour before the White House conference is to begin, the first comers show their credentials at the gates and gather in the lobby of the Executive Office Wing. They cross the checker board tile floor, lounge in the red leather chairs and toss their hats and coats on the huge circular table of carved Philippine mahogany. From ninety to two hundred correspondents eventually crowd into the lobby, vying for advance positions in the line before the President's door. They are under constant Secret Service scrutiny from the time they enter the grounds until they leave.

Only a handful of female reporters attend, for the women of the press have their own conferences with Mrs. Roosevelt. Of that handful, Mrs. Elizabeth May Craig, correspondent for several Maine newspapers, is best known to the President. Outspoken and critical, Mrs. Craig frequently takes issue with Presidential remarks. When she disputed the President's

JOHN H. CRIDER, a former Nieman Fellow at Harvard, is a specialist in economic news well known for his coverage of the National Temporary Economic Committee, the Treasury and the SEC for Time and the New York Times. He is the author of The Bureaucrat.

claim that newspapers and radio stations had withheld the facts of the Montgomery Ward case, a newsman remarked that "May", as the President calls her, was "the only man in the crowd."

The President is always late for the conferences. He plays a kind of war of nerves with the newsmen before admitting them. The correspondents, always hopeful that he will reform, arrive ahead of time and stand pressed against the satin rope at the back of the lobby, awaiting the "go" signal. Those who arrive early win front line positions, although the "regulars" are admitted automatically to the front of the line. They are the three press association men and a couple of "specials" representing individual newspapers who spend every day at the White House and accompany the President on out-of-town trips. Earl Godwin, elderly commentator assigned to the President for years as a newsman, is included among the "regulars" by virtue of seniority and friendship with the President.

When the "go" signal is given, those in front are propelled down the narrow corridor to the President's office like shots from a gun. They enter the Executive Office, a large room dominated by the President's flat-top desk with its array of bric-à-brac, gadgets, souvenirs and ash trays. The President, usually in his shirt sleeves in the summer, places a cigarette in his long ivory cigarette holder as he greets the correspondents. Earl Godwin, the only newsman per-

mitted to sit at the conferences, plumps down in a chair immediately to the right of the President's desk, with only the stenographer between himself and the Chief Executive. He and Mr. Roosevelt invariably exchange a wisecrack or two before the conference gets under way.

Sitting against the wall behind Godwin is Stephen T. Early, the President's press secretary. Immediately behind the President stand two or three Secret Service men, tense and watchful. Not a movement in the room escapes them. To the left of Mr. Roosevelt on a divan and in chairs flanking the back of his desk sit Admiral William D. Leahy, his personal chief of staff; members of the White House secretariat; and perhaps an official visitor or two.

Along the front row, stretching some twenty feet from wall to wall across the room, are the "regulars." Most familiar to the President are the faces of bulky, solemn looking Tom Reynolds of the *Chicago Sun*, also once the United Press White House man; Paul R. Leach, the short and concise *Chicago Daily News* correspondent; swarthy loud-spoken Meriman Smith of the United Press, this year's president of the White House Correspondents' Association; and two tall landmarks — "Pete" Brandt of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and "Jim" Wright of the *Buffalo Evening News*. The President refers to these and others by their first names.

When the correspondents have filed in, the President's informal

chatter with the nearest newsmen is interrupted by a cry from the rear: "All in!" The President then starts the proceedings, offering what news he has prepared, explaining it, answering questions.

After some time, when it is apparent that the session is slowing up, or the President has worn down the standing throng of correspondents by talking at them too long, or the press association men in the front row think they have more bulletins than they can handle by telephone, someone bellows, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the tide flows out the door almost as quickly as it flowed in.

II

Despite the fact that the President is invariably a good news source, correspondents are often dissatisfied with the particular news given them. When this occurs, they gang up in a series of questions designed to bring out an important bit of news which they want. It practically never works. Franklin Roosevelt gets what he wants out of the conferences because he runs them. The newsmen get such stories as the President wishes to give them, but they may go away week after week without answers to questions which they consider uppermost in the public mind. It was thus with the third term decision; and again the same with the fourth term. For the White House press conference exists at the pleasure of the Executive and is, essentially, his own show. It

takes form and achieves permanence only to the extent that he so wills.

This fact has caused a recent outbreak of attacks on the Presidential press conference among editors and columnists who have felt that the conferences were not yielding sufficient news to justify their existence on the present basis. The *Washington Post* early in February urged that the conferences be ended for the duration. Walter Lippmann and David Lawrence thought they should be changed to permit replies by the President to submitted questions. Impressed with the detailed reports which Prime Minister Winston Churchill has given Parliament and with the wealth of information brought out in questions and answers on the floor of Parliament, American writers have seen in the Presidential press conference a Yankee counterpart of the British system. But the British question and answer period is a long-established institution of government to which a White House press conference is not comparable.

Thus the critics seek perfection in what is, at best, the gift of a publicity-minded Executive. Actually, by the very nature of the conference, the press is always in the position of taking what it can get with a sigh and a "thank God for that."

The press conference is, however, a curiously American development — as American as Pennsylvania Avenue or Main Street. Its roots are shallow but it has long been an important channel between the President and

the public. Newsmen have looked on the conference as a two-sided affair in which the President is apprised of what the public wants to know and at the same time makes clear what he wants the public to know. It is significant, therefore, that when the writer suggested that the President was losing touch with the public as the number of press conferences decreased, a White House Secretary laughed it off by saying the President could read the papers every day. In other words, the conferences were looked on, not as a means for receiving public sentiment, but as a means for giving the President's ideas to the public. Yet history provides ample demonstration of the importance of these conferences as a link between the executive and the people.

Even as early as the administration of John Quincy Adams, there was a desire for this link.

Anne Royall, probably the most fantastic character among the early personal journalists, is credited with achieving the first press interview with an American President. Determined to learn Mr. Adams' stand on the Bank of the United States, Anne Royall resorted to a strategy which may be regarded as a high water mark in journalistic enterprise. In the late twenties of the last century when bathing suits were not in use, the plump little lady with the bonnet, who made it her business to know the personal habits of Washington's great, waylaid the President as he was taking his morning swim in the Potomac at

a point about a mile from the White House. As Mr. Adams struck out for shore, he was confronted by the dauntless Anne, sitting astride his clothes on the river bank. She yelled that she had been denied the opportunity of questioning him on his policies at "the Presidential palace," and, by all that was holy, he would not get his clothes until he answered her questions. Anne got her story.

Until the turn of this century, however, regular conferences did not exist. Washington was still a small town and newspapermen, especially if their papers were partisan to the administration, were admitted freely to the White House. At all times, the contact was a personal matter determined by the President.

It is difficult to establish the definite beginnings of the press conference tradition, but the idea apparently originated in the rococo State Department Building (formerly State, War and Navy) while John Hay was Secretary of State under McKinley. It moved from there across the street to the White House.

Although "T. R." is sometimes credited with originating the press conference, his sessions were irregular and the correspondents were carefully selected and instructed to use White House news as "T. R." wanted them to use it. He attempted, without much success, to prevent certain correspondents from attending his "barber chair press conferences."

These sessions were held, in order to save the great man's time, at what-

ever time of the day or night "T. R." happened to need a shave. One correspondent who attended the conferences recalled this much about them:

A few of us would be waiting in there, and he would come bounding through the door and, showing his teeth in that way of his, would say "DEElighted" and plump himself down in the chair. He had a colored messenger from one of the departments assigned to him as barber, and as the colored fellow would put the bib around his neck, Teddy would say, "Now, boys, what can I do for you?" And we would ask questions and he would talk all during his shave. I have never yet been able to figure out how that Negro avoided shoving the soapy brush down his throat, since the President's mouth was open a good part of the time.

President Taft went beyond Theodore Roosevelt in maintaining friendly relations with the press and was usually accessible to newsmen although he held no regular conferences. But it remained for Woodrow Wilson to regularize the press conference tradition which had been growing through two terms prior to his own. His position was paradoxical since the former Princeton president never seemed to understand the press very well or to get along with its representatives. His regular semi-weekly or tri-weekly press conferences were failures. When the European war threatened this country, Wilson discontinued his conferences entirely.

Harding resumed the press conferences on a free basis of oral questioning and answering—until he stubbed his toe. During the Washing-

ton Conference on Armament Limitation and Pacific questions, he was asked at a press conference if the coming treaty would cover the islands of Japan proper. Innocently and in good faith he replied that it would. He was wrong and Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes hastily issued a correcting statement.

After this experience, more and more White House news coming directly from Harding had to be used without his name. It was during this period that Glenn I. Tucker, correspondent of the old New York *World*, invented the "White House spokesman," that convenient and familiar handle for White House news. The term was even more widely used during the Coolidge administration when the President invariably talked only for background. After his unfortunate mistake, Harding also insisted that written questions be submitted in advance of the conferences. This same system of submitted questions was continued by Coolidge and Hoover.

III

Despite repeated warnings, Franklin D. Roosevelt went back to the oral question and answer system and still uses it. And he went far beyond any of his predecessors in encouraging and sharing in a free interchange with the correspondents. He met the press twice a week—on Tuesday afternoons to give the morning papers a break and on Friday mornings so that the afternoon papers got a turn. The

President held fifty-nine press conferences in 1943, ninety-six in 1942, ninety-one in 1941, ninety-six in 1940, eighty-seven in 1934, and eighty-three in 1933, when he served only ten months.

White House correspondents have expressed concern over the sharp drop in the number of press conferences from 1942 to 1943 and during the first part of this year, when the number reached an all-time low for the President. But newsmen are aware that the situation last year was due in part to the President's extended travels at home and abroad, and that the diminution this year has been partly the result of the President's travels and illnesses. But while the White House secretariat may be content to let the Chief get his ideas of what the public wants to know from reading the papers, the correspondents themselves feel that, to a considerable extent, the President must rely upon the press conferences for questions which are uppermost, not only in the minds of experienced Washington writers, but also in the minds of the people as relayed through these writers directly to the Chief Executive.

In talking to the press, President Roosevelt frequently tells newsmen what is news (meaning what he would like to see played up with big headlines on front pages) and what is not news (meaning what he would like to see buried in back-of-paper columns or not used at all). Moreover, the President frequently lectures newsmen on

the finer points of their own craft as he did at his conference of February 3, 1939:

Q — You indicated a moment ago that in these fourteen or fifteen newspapers you have on your desk there was an impression given, erroneously, as I understood it, in practically every paper. Did your reading of those papers go far enough to convince you of what may be the motive of fifteen or more of our newspapers on a given day writing erroneous information?

THE PRESIDENT (interposing) — Oh Fred [the late Fred Essary of the *Baltimore Sun*], that is a very long subject. You know perfectly well that when a story starts . . . "it is learned from reliable sources" . . . "it is believed," "sources close to the President suggested," etc., . . . you are all covered by making that qualification, but the fellow who writes it up the next day, either in the editorials or in the subsequent news stories, leaves out your qualifying phrases. We have all had that happen. There isn't a person here who hasn't had that happen. That is the mechanics of journalism and that is what happened in this case. . . .

Even as he made this criticism, Franklin Roosevelt knew that, for reasons no one should know better than a President, there are many cases in which the source of information cannot be disclosed. In fact, at his next press conference, held at a CCC camp in Florida, he opened the discussion by urging correspondents to use a similar device:

THE PRESIDENT — I want to get something across, only don't put it that way. In other words, it is a thing that I cannot put as direct stuff, but it is background. . . . If I were writing the story, the way I'd write it is this — you know the formula: When asked when he was returning, the

President intimated that it was impossible to give any date; because, while he hoped to be away until the third or the fourth of March, information that continues to be received with respect to the international situation continues to be disturbing, therefore, it may be necessary for the President to return before the third or fourth of March.

It is understood that this information relates to the possible renewal of demands by certain countries, these demands being pushed, not through normal diplomatic channels but, rather, through the more recent type of relations; in other words, the use of the fear of aggression.

Q — What was that?

THE PRESIDENT — The use of the fear of aggression.

Further than that, deponent saith not. I cannot, as you can readily understand. That does happen to be true. That is, even since we left Washington. It is just as well that the country should know that there is a situation and a possibility. Not by any means, a probability; it is much too strong to say it is a probability.

Q — This latter we say on our own authority?

THE PRESIDENT — Yes. . . .

Thus the President not only directed correspondents to use a mechanical device similar to the one he had deplored at his previous conference, but he even illustrated how it might be done. No one could blame the President for wishing to make this important information public, although some might quarrel with his methods.

But in the same way, no one could blame the correspondents in this, as in countless similar instances, for resorting to whatever technique they considered required to get real information to the

IV

A volume can and no doubt will be written on this virtuoso of the press conference. One might write of his parables, his wisecracks, his dramatics, and his showings of impatience. But one fact stands out; he has made more news and received more space for that news in any one of his terms than any other President. Although Mr. Roosevelt has frequently indicated that perhaps he personally could have done a better job of reporting, he cannot quarrel with the fact that both pro- and anti-administration newspapers have recorded his words and acts faithfully. Indeed, by their voluminous reports on the President, which are widely read, anti-administration papers have defeated the purpose of their critical editorials, which are not widely read.

In a final judgment of the press conference, however, it must be remembered that the President is the chief director of public opinion on political subjects. It is, moreover, his responsibility to guide that opinion, for if he ignores it, he loses public support, his measures are defeated, he cannot be reelected. Franklin Roosevelt has demonstrated the power of the press conference for this purpose. And if the conferences exist only at the pleasure of the Chief Executive, they have, just the same, taken firm root in the relatively few years of their existence. It will become increasingly difficult for any President

STRANGE ACCIDENTS

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

MEN who study accidents say they usually result from an unusual combination of circumstances. At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a spectator at a baseball game was poking at the inside of his ear with a wooden match when a fly ball landed in that exact spot in the stands, striking his hand. The match-stick was instantly driven through his eardrum and well into the inside of his head, in a bitterly painful mishap that cost him the hearing in his right ear.

For more than thirty-one years records of accidents that show graphically an "unusual combination of circumstances" have been accumulating in the files of the National Safety Council of Chicago, organized in 1913 to war on accidental injury and death. Scattered through thousands of commonplace disasters or escapes, there are those in which Fate seems to have taken particular pains to secure unique, or humorous, or horrible effects.

For example: in a hotel in upstate New York an employé stepped into an open elevator shaft, fell three stories, and was killed. In all the years

the building had been standing, such an accident had never occurred before. Yet only a few minutes later, a second employé took an exactly similar fall into the same shaft. He landed on the warm body below, and escaped being seriously hurt.

Swerving sharply to avoid hitting another machine on a bridge over railroad tracks, a fast-moving automobile crashed through the guard-rail. A passenger train was speeding under the bridge. A terrible death for both driver and his fiancée beside him seemed inevitable. But instead, the automobile made a perfect four-point landing, without blowing out any tire, on top of one of the passenger coaches, and bounced, its own momentum reversed by that of the train, *back onto the bridge*. Nobody was hurt.

You may be one of thousands of motorists who have experienced a rising panic when a wasp or yellow-jacket has flown into your car. But imagine such a double set of circumstances as that encountered by Frederick Maag near Marion, Ohio, when

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MYRON M. STEARNS, a Contributor to *Collier's*, *Harpers* and other magazines, was the

a pheasant flew against his windshield and broke it. Maag was still thanking his stars that nothing worse had happened when a bee came through the opening to sting him. Small wonder he ran into the ditch and wrecked his car. Or that a New England lady was killed and two companions injured after a mouse jumped from the upholstery on the back of the driver's seat onto her neck.

Near Moravia, New York, a rat jumped onto the shoulder of a truckman driving a furniture-van. When he knocked it to the floor it ran up his pants-leg. Trying frantically to get his belt loose, he lost control of the truck and crashed into a building. Only a few months later a candy salesman died of injuries received when his car was wrecked against a tree in his dooryard: two rats in the car had attacked him just after he drove out of his own garage.

There seem to be more sure-shootin' squirrel hunters than there are squirrels out near Evansville, Indiana. One hunter, after tramping through the woods for hours without seeing a thing, sat down to eat his lunch, leaning his back against a big oak. Not one, but *two* other hunters, stalking his tree from different directions, mistook his elbow, appearing and disappearing as he ate, for a squirrel. They fired at the same instant, and both hit their mark.

Startled by unexpected circumstances, men often do foolish things. Private John Fein was shaving with an old-style open razor in the barracks at

an Arizona flying field. It was a sizzling hot day, and he was naked. When a stinging fly lit on his rump he instinctively slashed at it with his razor — carving himself to the extent of four stitches. Similarly, a soldier was digging a ditch at Camp Polk when a snake coiled around his ankle. He smashed at it with his trench shovel and broke his leg. At Madison, Indiana, a man struck at a bee with a loaded rifle, and shot himself in the stomach.

II

In Vallejo, California, a man bet that he could fill his mouth with gasoline and put a lighted match into it without getting hurt. By losing his bet he nearly lost his life. If it seems incomprehensible that a grown man would do such a thing, consider the fact that at Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, so many patients have been brought in to have billiard balls removed from their mouths (after betting that they could get them in and then not being able to get them out) that apparatus for removing them is kept always at hand. In one record week four of these pool- and billiard-ball gentry had to have their mouths de-balled.

A trick that Fate seems to delight in is putting accidents together. The family of Uriah Richards lived in the state of Washington — father, mother, and six children. Mathematically, there is only about one chance in a million that any two of such a family would be

killed in separate automobile accidents in any four-year period, and less than one chance in billions that four of them would so lose their lives. But three children were killed in a grade-crossing accident near Orting. A year later Uriah himself was hit and killed by a passing car. And two years after that all four remaining members of the family were killed when their farm truck was struck by a train at a crossing near Puyallup.

A West Virginia man was hit by a train and lost a leg. The following year he was hit by an automobile and lost an eye. And the year after that he knocked a gun off his bureau while reaching to get his artificial leg. It went off and shot him in the right arm, which had to be amputated.

Fate is equally capricious about falls, in which more people are killed each year than from any other single cause (26,200 in 1943). In the case of a York, Pennsylvania, man 63-years-old, who was killed in an 18-inch fall, the coroner reported: "He failed in his attempt to commit suicide, but died trying." He had taken a coil of rope to the cellar, stood on a box and tried to fasten it to a spike in one of the ceiling-beams. Losing his balance, he split his skull on the cement floor.

In grade-crossing accidents auto-

mobiles are often driven into the sides of moving trains. But near Hibbing, Minnesota, the caboose at the end of a long ore train was hit from both sides simultaneously. Although the caboose was undamaged, all ten occupants of the two cars were painfully injured. In New York City two police cars collided while hurrying to the scene of a stabbing; each siren prevented hearing the other.

An autoist let his auto warm up in a closed garage on a cold morning. Overcome by monoxide gas he sagged forward against the steering wheel. In a few more moments he would have been dead. But his chest pressed against the horn button, sounding a steady blah-h-h. His family heard it and came out to find him — just in time.

"A sense of danger," say the Safety Council people, "always makes you more careful. It keeps you from taking unnecessary chances. Even commandos are trained to be careful, and avoid accidents. It makes them more efficient, and likely to live longer."

Certainly the Council's accident files leave you feeling that there is plenty of danger, wherever you are. Personally, I'm going to be *much* more careful on those cellar stairs at home.



THE world's greatest thinkers have often been amateurs; for high thinking is the outcome of fine and independent living, and for that a professorial chair offers no special opportunities.

— HAVELOCK ELLIS

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Caddis-Fly

IN the humid dusk of a summer evening there hovers over the quiet brook-pools a little insect that looks like a slim-bodied, light-winged moth. The span of its wings is perhaps three-quarters of an inch, and there are four of the wings, as in moths and butterflies. The delicately nervured wings are not transparent but are covered

with numbers of fine hair-like scales, colored as are the tiny lapping wing-scales that give opacity and pattern to the wings of a *Cecropia* or a fritillary.

Though the small hoverer in the damp summer twilight thus looks much like the "millers" that are a-wing in the dusk with it, it is not related to the moths. It belongs to a



Caddis-Fly

Frank Utpatel

small and peculiar order, the Trichoptera, the hairy-wings. It is a caddis-fly. As it flutters from the brook now and comes to rest upon a blade of water-grass, with its wings folded fan-wise to form a kind of little conical tent over its back, it is spent after the accomplishment of a biological errand. Shortly it will die. It has been depositing in the flowing water the minute mass of its glutinously adherent eggs. It has been initiating (or completing, for all the processes of the natural world are fragments in circular continuum) one of the most curious small life-histories which lie comfortably within a countryman's means to watch.

The larva that hatches from a caddis-fly egg is a little segmented water-grub, with a head and thorax that are covered by sufficiently tough tissue to give those parts protection, but with a long abdomen, paler colored, that is soft and extremely vulnerable. The caddis larva is exposed to every hungry fish and other preying creature in the water. To achieve survival it sets about a fantastic engineering, which has enthralled and astounded all the generations of country boys who have ever lain by a brookside and stared into the little water-universe that each clear pool exhibits.

The caddis-worm is equipped with six strong legs, grouped at its anterior end, and with a pair of sturdy mandibles. Just behind the mandibles, on the under side of its head, it has a spinneret. With these provisions it goes to work to armor itself.

The manner of armoring varies

with the species of caddis-worm. Some of them, creeping along the brook-bed among the decaying vegetations which are the chief food of all caddis-worms, seek little sticks. Some of them seek microscopic shells. The kind of caddis-worm which is perhaps commonest in most brooks seeks little pebbles and tiny flat chips of broken stone. As it gathers them, it sets to spinning.

The salivary silk that issues from the aquatic larva's spinneret is a viscous fluid that comes forth like a strand of thick, half-dried glue. It is extremely sticky, with the property of hardening, after a little time, under water. Bobbing and weaving, undulating its long soft abdomen, the larval caddis-fly pours forth this mucilaginous cement. Into the viscous mortar thus supplied, it begins to work suitable pebbles, linking them with strand on strand of masonic spittle. Like an absorbed mosaicist, the larva places pebble after pebble in inlaid rows. All the pebbles it uses are of a similar size and shape, as though selected in the manner of a careful human artificer laying stonework. They are habitually set with their flattest sides inward.

Presently, as the larva labors, there begins to take shape the end-result of all its intricate construction. There is formed a stonework cylinder, the inside surface of it silky-smooth as the gluey cement hardens, the outside surface a rough, knobbly presentment of enormous boulders — (for such they amount to, in the terms of the caddis-larva's world of dimensional reference) — in the cemented ranks

of which there is not a chink of opening. The caddis larva has constructed for itself, precisely speaking, a suit of solid stone armor. The suit is just long enough to encase the whole of its body while allowing the head and jaws and forelegs to be extruded so that the occupant of the suit can feed and travel.

The caddis-worm's stone cylinder is left open at each end. The tube's diameter may be constant or it may be taperingly tailored. In either event the larva creeps into it head-first, turning around inside the suit to face the "head" end if the suit is tapered. The larva thrusts forth its head and legs, adjusts its body to its mighty encasement (against the inside of which it never presses tightly, being held from doing so by projecting tubercles on its body, so that there is always space for a free flow of water through the tube), and finally firmly anchors itself at the rear end by seizing the cylinder's posterior masonry with a pair of special grippers. The caddis-worm has now taken up an unbudgeable lodgement in its stone apparel.

A constant flow of water through the case makes it possible for the caddis-worm to breathe, by means of filamentous gills that grow mostly from its abdominal segments. In furtherance of circulation, the larva at intervals moves its abdomen in rhythmical undulations, churning the water in the case. The larva settles down to spend the balance of its life until adulthood without ever stirring from its portable citadel. So great a weight

of stone, naturally, would be beyond its power to drag around if it were on land; but in the under-water world the weight of objects is of course lessened to the extent of the weight of the volume of water they displace. The caddis larva, grappling and heaving with its powerful legs extruded from the front of the case, is able to inch along the brook-bottom and even to haul itself and its masonry up the stems of aquatic plants in the course of its foraging. Practically nothing can pull it from its shell, for its rear grippers clamp as automatically as the toes of a sleeping sparrow perched on a twig. On those very rare occasions when anything does drive a larval caddis from its armor, it exhibits a curious faculty only less striking than its pre-rational and innate genius as a mason. Though the brook teem with the empty cases of other caddis larvae, it identifies and insists on re-entering its own.

II

The duration and season of the cycles in caddis-life vary considerably with the species. The larva may remain larval for a greater or less time. Commonly, however, the pre-caddis-fly will be still a larva when the fall comes, and may remain in that phase during the winter. In summer and autumn, while it feeds actively on the abounding vegetable stuffs of the brook-bed, it of course grows a good deal. It grows sufficiently to become too long for its suit of armor. In a few species, when

this happens, the larva discards the old stone suit and constructs a new, roomier one. More often, the larval caddis simply renovates. It plasters additional stonework on the front of the cylinder, lengthening it. If the cylinder is a tapering one, the occupant twists and contorts itself until it has turned completely around, and then, working in protected safety from the inside of the case, it cuts off the narrow case-end which has grown too tight to accommodate its terminal segments. Then it turns around again and makes an addition to the front end of the case to compensate for what has been lopped off at the rear.

During the winter the caddis-larva does not hibernate. It continues, only a little less actively, to lumber laboriously along the brook-bed under the swift, near-freezing water, hauling its rocky encasement and feeding. Not until the spring comes does a quietness possess it: the sign that the time for pupation has arrived. Then the larva makes still another alteration in its stony suit. Over the open ends of it, it spins fine silken screens, sometimes with a few tiny chips of stone to reinforce the stopple. Water can still enter and leave the case; but nothing else can get in. The larva becomes quieter and quieter. Within a few days after completion of its ensealment, it sheds its skin and becomes a pupa: a mummy-like fore-version of what the final adult caddis-fly will be. The pattern of the future wings, now crumpled and incomplete, can be seen.

During the two or three weeks of

pupation, the pupa breathes as the larva did, by means of feathery gills. It is a restless pupa, wriggling and undulating inside its tight pupal skin, intermittently making the same spasmodic movements that the larva made in order to keep the fresh water circulating over its gills. At last, on a day in spring, its threshings free it of its long-inhabited cylinder of stone. Its wrinkled skin begins to split and fissure. The pupa, struggling and kicking, floats up to the surface.

On the water the pupa-case bobs briefly, breaks, and opens. Out from it creeps on unsteady legs an adult caddis-fly. It perches on the discarded pupal skin as on a little raft, while its damp wings slowly dry and stretch in the sun and air, and its cramped legs gain strength. The long antennae investigate the world of dryness. The insect-body experiences a breathing that needs no gills. Presently, light as thistle-seed, the caddis-fly goes fluttering aloft.

The adulthood to reach which has required such prodigies of masonry, such spinings of screens, so many labors of self-protection, now lasts for only a matter of days or even hours. Nature does not budget and balance her expenditures and her results according to a human kind of scale. From egg to larva to pupa to winged insect the caddis-fly has intricately been brought; but now as an adult insect it is not able to endure. It can only perform its quick parental office and then die. Nature has equipped it with no mouth.

THE LIBRARY

Large States Versus Small

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

EVERYONE — well, almost everyone — agrees now that if we are to have an enduring peace we must have an international organization strong enough to maintain peace, and that the United States must play a prominent if not indeed a dominant part in such an organization. But what form that organization is to take, what powers and responsibilities are to be assigned to it, what rôle the United States is to play — these are matters of increasing debate. Already a major controversy is being manufactured; already men appear determined to make and take sides. Mr. Dewey was sure the Dumbarton Oaks conference would create an issue; when no real issue emerged from the early discussions newspaper reporters and radio commentators proceeded to imagine one.

And what is this issue — or this pseudo-issue — which appears to be emerging? It is the issue of large states versus small, of a world order dictated

by the four major powers or one controlled by seventy sovereignties. It is an unreal issue, but not, for that reason, less dangerous: we must never forget that in 1919 the fictitious and irrelevant question of "sovereignty" proved immensely effective in rallying American opinion against the League. It is an issue peculiarly dangerous in the United States because here, more easily than in any other nation, it can be used to set "idealists" against "realists," to stir up racial and national antagonisms, to serve party purposes, and — if we so wish — to provide a decorous and respectable excuse for repudiating whatever plan for international order is finally agreed upon.

The extraordinary public reception of and reaction to the recent books by Mr. Lippmann¹ and Mr. Welles² has dramatized the issue of great powers versus small states. For what

¹ *U. S. War Aims*, by Walter Lippmann. \$1.50. Little Brown.

² *The Time For Decision*, by Sumner Welles. \$3.00. Harper.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER is professor of history at Columbia University, and the author of *Majority Rule and Minority Rights* and co-author of *The Growth of the American Republic* and *The Heritage of America*. He is a member of the War Department's Committee on the History of the War.

the public is, apparently, getting from Mr. Lippmann's book — sometimes at first hand, sometimes at second — is an attack upon Wilsonian idealism, a repudiation of any world organization, and an argument for regional groupings dominated by the major powers. What it is getting from Mr. Welles' book is a vindication of Wilsonian idealism, a plea for a world organization not too different from the old League, and a plan for a series of territorial readjustments in central Europe and in the Far East. Now actually Lippmann does not attack Wilsonian idealism but some of its misguided manifestations; he does not propose that four powers run the world but rather that ultimate responsibility be placed upon those who alone can fulfil it, and he suggests regional groups geared into a world organization. And actually Welles is not uncritical of the Wilsonian ideals, and envisions a federation of regional systems within a world organization. Neither in analysis nor in conclusion are the two books far apart, and the points of agreement are more numerous and more important than the points of disagreement.

II

Superficially, to be sure, the books vary greatly. Mr. Lippmann has written a short essay in political philosophy, a magisterial book in the grand manner of Burke or Mill or Tocqueville; Mr. Welles has given us a long, discursive, highly personal narrative.

In form, method, content, the books differ sharply. Mr. Lippmann, in order to plan wisely for the future, addresses himself to the philosophical inquiry why the United States found herself involved in two world wars — why we twice found it necessary to fight Germany, why Japan found it necessary to fight us. He finds the explanation in the fact that we are part of the Atlantic community, that we are instinctively and persistently opposed to imperialism or colonialism, that "within the region of the world which fronts upon the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the United States is the enemy of all conquerors and the partisan of national freedom."

He turns then to an analysis of the Atlantic community and, more briefly, the Russian and the Chinese communities. He outlines the policies and programs implacably imposed upon us by our membership in the Atlantic community and by our concern for the Pacific, and proposes a system of regional understandings designed to maintain peace where peace is actually threatened — within regions. The job of keeping the peace is up to the great powers and not up to any world organization. The great powers must control, each in its region, the things men fight about: the world organization cannot exercise jurisdiction over the things men fight about but only over the things they do not fight about. The principle of self-determination, Mr. Lippmann adds, can no longer be admitted to control international policy — it is a principle dis-

integrating and even anarchistic in character; no small nation can pursue an absolutely independent foreign policy, for such independence would threaten the peace of the whole world.

These are the main steps in Mr. Lippmann's argument. In the course of that argument he says many wise and some foolish things. He insists that no nation can endure in a politically alien and hostile world and that a people who have ceased to advance their faith have already begun to abandon it.

He reminds us that our failure to recognize our legitimate interest in the maintenance of the Atlantic community has cost us dear — that twice we have belatedly fought for what we might have saved without fighting, that — to put it succinctly — “France has to be liberated in 1944 because France was not reinforced in 1939. We have to open a second front because we did not support the French front when it was still in being.”

He urges the supreme importance of an understanding with Russia if peace is to endure, but adds that until Russia establishes freedom at home suspicion of her motives and of her sincerity will persist. He proposes no specific solution for the German or the Japanese problem, but suggests that we must direct our policy towards the grand end of preventing either of these defeated nations from driving a wedge between the victors, and that aside from this we should permit the Continental nations who suffered from Nazi aggression and who must in the end

live with Germany to settle the German score, and permit China and other Asiatic nations to settle scores with Japan. He is, at many points, unfair to Wilson, charging to him errors for which the American political system and American public opinion were responsible. And so eager is he to emphasize the blindness of Americans in the years between the two world wars that he does grave injustice to those who fought isolationism. The isolationists, he says, were blind. “But on the whole their opponents have been equally blind; as the alternative to isolation they argued that the nation should rely upon collective security as a substitute for its own armed strength, and the diplomatic protection of its vital interests.” The majority of them, needless to say, did no such thing: Mr. Lippmann should not forget that the leading organization which fought isolationism was called the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

III

Mr. Welles follows a different method, but both his observations and his conclusions reenforce Mr. Lippmann's argument at many points. The early chapters of his book are devoted to a swift review of American policy between two wars, a review notable chiefly for its celebration of Mr. Roosevelt's wisdom and courage, its excoriation of our policy towards Spain in 1937, and its revelation of Roosevelt's plan for peace in 1937-38

— a plan rejected by Chamberlain. Then follows a lively account of the famous mission of 1940 — an account which contains little that is new but presents illuminating sketches of Mussolini, Hitler, Ciano, Ribbentrop, and some of the French leaders — or followers — of those tragic days. There is a long — an over-long — analysis of the evolution of our Good Neighbor policy towards the Latin American countries, interesting chiefly for its biting criticism of our present policy towards Argentina.

The most significant, if not the most interesting, chapters, are addressed to the solution of the German problem and of the problem of international organization. Mr. Welles' view of Germany is close to that entertained by Vansittart, and characterized by many of the same historical errors; his plan embraces the destruction of the German General Staff and the division of Germany into three nations, each subject, for many years, to international supervision. His plan to preserve world order calls for both regional and world organizations.

Notwithstanding the obvious differences of approach and of content in these two books, they are, it would seem, in essential agreement; certainly the agreements are more striking than the differences. Both of these experienced and judicious publicists agree on the inadequacies of the 1919 peace settlements, on the disastrous consequences of the attitude of the United States and other Western powers towards Soviet Russia, on the extent of

American responsibility for the disintegration of world order during the 'twenties and the rise of totalitarianism in the 'thirties, on the bankruptcy of isolationism and of neutrality. Both agree in defending our policy towards France and even towards Spain, since the outbreak of hostilities. Both urge the importance of planning now for the future, of accepting the reality of regional groupings, of insisting upon the extension of the four freedoms throughout the world.

What are the points of disagreement, if we can use so strong a term? Mr. Welles envisions an international organization with authority to interfere in national controversies — the authority to be exercised in the first instance by the regional powers; Mr. Lippmann is insistent that the world organization can have jurisdiction over no matters that might lead to war, but only over those matters which can be settled peaceably. Mr. Welles disposes of parts of the British Empire in a high-handed manner — preserving to the United States hegemony in the Caribbean and to Russia hegemony in Eastern Europe, but denying to Britain effective control in the Far East; Mr. Lippmann is not quite so ready to fragmentize the British Empire. Mr. Welles would return Germany to the disintegrated position of the eighteenth century; Mr. Lippmann believes that there is a place for a united Germany as a trading nation within the Atlantic community.

Is it not possible that the debate be-

tween those who favor regional and those who advocate world organizations is a sterile one just as the debates in our own Constitutional Convention of 1787 between large states and small was a sterile one? In our own history conflicts have been regional rather than between large and small states, and it is safe to say that conflicts of the future will be between the great regional groups rather than between, let us say, France and Belgium or China and Burma or the United States and Bolivia. Neither Mr. Lippmann nor Mr. Welles addresses himself seriously to the problem of avoiding or eliminating such conflicts. What, after all, is to insure peace between the Atlantic community and the Russian, what is to insure peace in the Near East or the Mediterranean area, where the regional interests overlap? Mr. Lippmann recognizes this problem more acutely than does Mr. Welles: he assures us that the Atlantic community has not and should not have any legitimate quarrel with the Russian, and he warns us most solemnly against permitting a revived Germany to play off Russia against the West or a revived Japan to play off Russia against China or China against India.

But this problem of potential regional conflicts is bound up with another and larger one which both Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Welles ignore. That is the problem touched on in the fourth, fifth, and sixth articles of the Atlantic Charter — the problem of economic security, and it is one fundamental to any enduring peace. In his

last paragraph, to be sure, Mr. Welles mentions the “world revolution under way,” but it is by no means clear that he uses this phrase in the same sense in which Mr. Laski used it in his notable *Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time*. Certainly neither of our authors do reflect on this revolution of our time.

It is a hackneyed observation that if we are to have peace we must eliminate, so far as possible, the things that make for war. Mr. Lippmann insists with characteristic clarity that we cannot make peace by blue-prints, however admirable; it should be equally clear that we cannot guarantee peace by machinery, however elaborate. We possess the technical equipment to “afford assurance that all men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want”; do we possess the enlightenment to implement this promise? We can solve the problem of production; can we solve the problem of distribution?

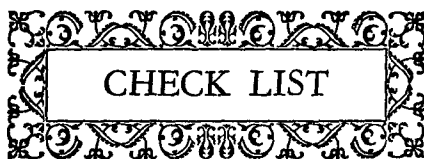
For conflict, both domestic and international, springs from insecurity. Insecurity — economic, political, social — explains in large part anti-Semitism and Negrophobia, explains in large part imperialism and the struggle for living space, explains in large part the doctrines of the master race and the competition in armaments. If we can provide security — security from the threat of invasion, from unemployment, from a sense of inferiority, we can remove most of the causes of war.

So our task, in providing for a world

order and a lasting peace, necessarily involves considerations of domestic as well as of international policy. We learned, in our own history, that few problems were really local in character — neither slavery nor child labor nor conservation nor water power — and we learned that the argument of states rights was most of the time a shibboleth.

We must learn, in the future, that few problems are merely national in character — that what we, or other nations do about tariffs, banking and currency, labor standards, conservation, even about race relations, inevitably affects other nations. If we are to have international order we must have national order; if we are to have international security we must have national security.

We cannot go ahead to a brave new world of internationalism or regionalism and go back to the normalcy of McKinley or Coolidge. The shining strands of peace and democracy and freedom make a unified and coherent pattern.



(Continued from page 389)

IT CAN BE DONE THIS TIME, by Frederick Palmer. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. KEEP THE PEACE THROUGH AIR POWER, by Allan A. Michie. \$2.00. *Holt*. These two war correspondents, one of them a veteran and the other a newcomer, happen to preach the same striking sermon: that the

best method by which the victors in the present war can ensure the peace is to police the conquered enemy from the air and bomb him into submission should he start rearming or breaking bounds. It might be argued that Mr. Michie comes to this conclusion because his text shows he is startlingly innocent of the facts of history. But Mr. Palmer discourses on history with facility and gusto. While Mr. Michie dashed off his volume during a two-month lecture tour that covered forty states, Mr. Palmer evidently pondered at greater leisure. It is probably their aliveness to the actualities of war which makes them concur on a drastic and economic method of enforcing international decrees. Whether recalcitrant nations are to be bombarded from the air or from the sea is no more than a detail in policing. Arguments for flying bombs, for lethal gas or for total asphyxiation might similarly be advanced. These books draw attention, however, to a concrete police problem.

MEDIEVAL AMERICAN ART, by Pál Kelemen. 2 vols. \$22.50. *Macmillan*. The ancient civilizations of our Southwest, Mexico, Central America and the Andes still are explored and interpreted mainly from the archaeological and ethnical viewpoints. Kelemen's book represents the first major attempt to evaluate their outstanding products strictly in the light of the esthetic. There are 960 unusually beautiful photographs, grouped in divisions devoted to pre-Columbian architecture, sculpture, pottery, weaving, metalwork, work in semiprecious stones, murals and manuscripts, objects representing miscellaneous applied arts, and "facets of daily life." This is truly a work of very high value.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!, by Hilary St. George Saunders. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Saunders did America in six weeks, sent here by the Ministry of Information after his sweeping success with *Combined Operations* and *The Battle of Britain*, but what he saw on his whirlwind tour packs his volume with entertainment. He hands the palm to Andrew Jackson Higgins as the outstanding American he met. A librarian by trade, a man of letters by instinct, Mr. Saunders has a keen eye for sunsets, pretty girls and the menu card, but also for the deeper implications of war.

THE GRAVEDIGGERS OF FRANCE, by Pertinax. \$6. *Doubleday*. André Géraud by name, Pertinax came to political journalism with a background as a historical scholar. He is now over sixty, and this book is the fruit of a lifetime. Indexing a thousand persons at the end of his 600 pages, and sticking summary labels on many of them to speed his narrative, he has succeeded in animating a colossal drama by the sheer force and passion of his central patriotism. He is no abstract theorist or unworldly professor. He can much more be likened to a tough-minded referee who spared himself no trouble in the arena, and now recounts a complex story blow by blow.

His theme is nothing less than "the most shameful chapter in French history"; in brief, the case against Pétain and Laval. What gives it redoubtable impact is less its turgid military argumentation, necessary to the story of Gamelin and Weygand and Pétain, than the mighty tragedy he conjures of a great nation betrayed by inadequate men and women. He thinks France was let down as a military power by England and America, after the last war, and against their own interests, but for him the real tragedy has been the selfishness, baseness and pettiness of a whole generation of French politicians, leading to the final corruption of Pétain and Laval.

Pertinax is no literary artist. To look to him for airs and graces would be futile. He hasn't any. He has atrophied his five senses to develop a super-normal political sense, on the plane of French government in action, but it is this complete immersion in the actual which makes his book an indispensable document, since he proportions everything to the line of action "best calculated to consolidate the independence and greatness" of his country. He knocks the pedestal of Verdun under Pétain with a sledge hammer. He sees in Pétain the artfulness of the peasant, just as he sees in Laval the depravity of the peasant, but the fascism of the Academy, the venality of French newspapermen, the self-stultification of the army and the blindness of the industrialists, are set forth in unsparing detail. "Fascism was not the monopoly of the Right", however, and Laval could count on certain Socialists, Communists and union leaders.

Pertinax is nothing if not specific, and he makes it clear that Alexis Léger of the Quai d'Orsay

has fortified him with inside evidence. He now hopes "that around England a federation of western Europe will be evolved", and he is ready to see France work with Stalin or the "great Pope", should it conform to the interests of France. Behind this realism is a virile pride which Pétain and Laval have befouled. Pertinax insists that this pride is "worth saving and treasuring".

It is a pity that his translators could not have felt a little for the English language. Perhaps in a six dollar book they thought we'd like big words like "incompressibly", "dissymmetrically", "remissive", "strictured." The book, however, is a supreme effort on the part of a loyal Frenchman to give us the goods for political judgment. We cannot afford to ignore it.

WHERE THE TWO CAME TO THEIR FATHER. *A Navaho War Ceremonial*. Given by Jeff King. Text and Paintings recorded by Maud Oakes. Commentary by Joseph Campbell. With a portfolio of 18 paintings. \$8.50. *Pantheon Books, New York*. Maud Oakes has rendered an inestimable service by writing down this Navaho version of an ancient Maya myth, the *Popol Vuh*, which an early Spanish translation has fortunately preserved for posterity. The beautiful, poetically inspired narrative deals with the Navaho myth of Genesis, and the victories achieved over various monsters by two brothers who represent the Navaho counterpart of Castor and Pollux and Romulus and Remus. In explaining the significance of the myth and its symbols, which are ostensibly used in war ceremonials, the Navaho medicine man Jeff King seems to have divulged only two of their three distinct meanings: the mythical and, in part, the mystical. He did not disclose the third, which is strictly occult.

THE ECONOMICS OF DEMOBILIZATION, by E. Jay Howenstine, Jr. \$3.75 cloth; \$3.25 paper. *American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D. C.* Dr. Howenstine, who is chairman of the Department of Economics and Business Administration at Park College, Parkville, Missouri, has laboriously assembled the facts of the liquidation of our war machinery after 1918 and set them up as possible guideposts on the road ahead, after making allowances for the differences in the problems then and now.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE, by Robert M. Lindner. \$4.00. *Grune & Stratton, New York.* Dr. Lindner, who is psychologist at the United States Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, and lecturer in criminology at Bucknell University, here attempts for the first time in criminological history the "hypnoanalysis of a criminal psychopath." The criminal, a man in early middle life who has been involved with the law since the age of twelve, was put in a state of hypnosis over a period of time totalling nearly fifty hours, and asked to rehearse his life — while every word of his was recorded. The substance of what he related appears in this volume, and it makes fascinating reading even to the layman. Dr. Lindner discusses at considerable length his technique, and Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, who contribute an introduction, call his work "a significant milestone on the rough and failure-strewn road of criminology."

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. *A Life*, by Eleanor Ruggles. \$3.50. *Norton.* Father Hopkins, an English Jesuit, a convert to Catholicism, was born in 1844 and died in 1889, leaving behind him a batch of poems not one of which had been published but many of which had enjoyed much acclaim among his personal friends. Twenty-nine years after his death they first appeared in book form, largely through the diligence of Robert Bridges, and immediately they joined the stream of English literature. Hopkins's verses probably will never become very popular, for they are more metaphysical than lyrical, yet they have a depth and an originality that will always appeal to professional poets. Miss Ruggles's biography is a little weak as criticism — she sometimes gets lost in academic clichés — but her book will very likely remain the standard one on the subject for a long time to come.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE QUIEN SABE, by Lars Skattebol. \$2.50. *Harper.* Mr. Skattebol, born in Manila of American parents of Norwegian ancestry, was a newspaperman who joined the Merchant Marine after Pearl Harbor. His ability as linguist and journalist equipped him to set down in extraordinary and fascinating detail all that transpired after an old tub of a ship sailed from Brooklyn for West Africa with a

polyglot crew and a war cargo. It is much more than a record of a voyage that ended when the ship was torpedoed and its survivors spent seventeen days in life boats; it is a penetrating analysis of humans and their relations that eclipses a fictional work with which it invites in comparison, Goodrich's *Delilah*. It is probably one of the few of the flood of war books that will survive the war.

MACARTHUR AND THE WAR AGAINST JAPAN, by Frazier Hunt. \$2.50. *Scribner's.* The presence of a preface by the chief of Intelligence on MacArthur's staff and other evidence suggest this is an approved version of MacArthur's view of events in the Pacific since July 1941. Taken as such it has considerable significance, for Hunt leaves the impression that the men of Bataan were needlessly sacrificed; that with help that was available and that could have been sent to MacArthur through airports he kept open in the expectancy of getting help, MacArthur could have held on and turned disaster into victory, as he did subsequently in New Guinea. Hunt is a hero-worshipper, however, who leaves much unsaid. He does not foresee an early end to the war: "It is still to be won. We have a fine and flowing start — but it is only a beginning."

WE JUMPED TO FIGHT, by Colonel Edson D. Raff. \$2.50. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* The author commanded the 2nd Battalion, 503rd Parachute Infantry, the first Americans ever to jump into combat in hostile territory, and this is the story of the training and introduction to war of these forerunners of all U.S. airborne infantry. With them and some other units placed under his command, Raff secured all Central Tunisia for the Allies — one of the most important phases of the conquest of North Africa. The experience made Raff an ideal instructor for the Yanks among the paratroopers who carried out the initial stage of the invasion of France so successfully. The chapter he devotes to lessons he learned is one of the most interesting and valuable in the professional literature of the war. One of them: "Forget good sportsmanship on the battlefield. War is not a refereed football game, but the dirtiest game yet devised by human minds."

(Continued on page 510)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

SIR: I have just read with considerable astonishment and some disquiet the article in your June issue entitled "The Duchess of Windsor." The writer, Miss Helen Worden, claims to have "observed the Duchess since 1936 and has talked with her on her recent visits to America." The fact is that the Duchess met Miss Worden once — at a formal Press tea in New York — but beyond shaking hands with her on introduction, had no conversation with her on that occasion and has never seen her since.

Apart from the utterly fantastic and completely untrue stories of the Duchess's expenditure on clothes, jewels and furs, two references in Miss Worden's story are criminally libelous fabrications and call for categorical denial. These are the statements that:

(1) "The State Department foots the Windsors' bills on a lend-lease arrangement."

(2) "An autographed photograph of Von Ribbentrop once hung over her toilet table in Nassau."

A telephone call to the Department of State will immediately disprove the first allegation. I can only give you my personal assurance that the second is equally untrue, but both the Duchess and myself would be interested to know whether you or Miss Worden can name the "friend" who is supposed to have seen the picture.

I have used the words "criminally libelous" to describe these two statements, because the first accuses my wife of being a kind of black marketeer evading currency control regulations and the second depicts her as a sympathizer with the enemy. These are extremely dangerous accusations to make against anyone in wartime, let alone the wife of the Governor of a British Colony.

I can well appreciate Miss Worden's dilemma in wartime, when, like all gossip-writers, she must find it difficult to unearth items of news that are readily discoverable in peacetime, but not so

easy to come by now-a-days because most people's lives are grim rather than glamorous. Not unnaturally, therefore, she falls back upon her imagination.

The surprising thing, to me, is that a magazine with the honorable traditions of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* should dignify these malicious flights of fancy by publishing them.

EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR
*Government House,
Bahamas*

SIR: Thank you for showing me the letter from the Duke of Windsor about my article on the Duchess. The Duke charges me with three misstatements of fact:

(1) He says that the stories of the Duchess' expenditures for clothes, jewelry and furs are fantastic and completely untrue; (2) he says that the report that the State Department foots their bills on a lend-lease arrangement is a fabrication; and (3) he applies the same term to the story that a photograph of Von Ribbentrop once hung over the Duchess' toilet table in Nassau.

On her visits to this country, both the Associated Press and the United Press informed the public of the number of trunks that contained her wardrobe. The fashion magazines showed photographs of her clothes and jewels, and the dressmakers and other merchants whom she patronized spoke freely of that patronage. I have seen many of her gowns myself, and have been told the price of them by the people who made them.

As to the lend-lease report, I did not say it was a fact, I said: "I hear (no one will officially deny or confirm this) that the State Department foots the Windsors' bills on a lend-lease arrangement." Since the State Department and the Duke say that isn't so, I am glad to accept that correction here. I think the Duke ought to know, how-

ever, why that impression is so widespread. The American people know that all dollar holdings of United Kingdom subjects in America were taken over by the British government in 1940, and that only by special permission and for important reasons can a British subject obtain dollar funds for his use. They know also that lend-lease became necessary because British dollar holdings here were not sufficient to meet British needs here. They conclude, therefore, that any waste of British funds must eventually reflect itself somehow in lend-lease: The more British funds wasted, the less available for the war effort — the less British funds available for the war effort, the more lend-lease necessary. The Duke over-emphasizes my lend-lease statement, and overlooks the criticism implicit in it. Americans find it hard to understand how the former King of England and his wife can justify the time and money spent on travel, clothes and entertainment during a period when, as the Duke so well states, the average Englishman's life "is grim rather than glamorous."

My information about the Von Ribbentrop photograph came from a friend of the Duke and Duchess, who had been their house guest in Nassau. The story was told to me, not in criticism of the Duchess, but in praise of her loyalty. The Duchess was reported as saying that Von Ribbentrop was her friend before the war and she could see no reason why the fact of the war should make it necessary for her to remove the picture. My information came from a source in which I have complete confidence. The inference that the Duke draws from this incident, namely, that it "depicts her as a sympathizer with the enemy," is not in the story. It merely depicts her as a former friend of Von Ribbentrop.

The Duke is misinformed when he says I met the Duchess only once. As a representative of the press I met her exactly as I reported in my article. There are photographs of several of these occasions in which both the Duchess and I appeared. I have had the pleasure of talking to the Duchess; on one occasion, of which she has forgotten to inform the Duke, I acted as spokesman for a press group.

The Duke takes me to task for writing, and the *MERCURY* for running, the article about the Duchess. I think he overlooks the fact that both

he and the Duchess are and always will be people in whom the public has a legitimate interest. What they say and do, especially at a critical time in their nations' history, will always be carefully examined by men and women throughout the world.

HELEN WORDEN

"THE ERRORS OF PSYCHIATRY"

SIR: I got a lot of satisfaction out of Dr. Link's article, because I have long been convinced that much of our contemporary psychiatry is rendering a disservice by seeking to transfer many undesirable types of attitude and behavior from the realm of moral and social accountability to that of pathological irresponsibility. The effort to do this seems to be ironically abortive, for the psychiatrist in his zeal to remove all sense of guilt — absence of which is appropriate only to angels and devils — is likely either to foster moral irresponsibility or to build up a deadlier kind of inferiority than the one he sets out to remove.

F. ERNEST JOHNSON

Executive Secretary,

Federal Council of

Churches of Christ in America.

New York City

SIR: Having been neuropsychiatrist on the State Medical Examining Board and on the examining board for recruits at Camp Lee in World War I and being neuropsychiatrist on the State Medical Examining Board of this War, I have had enough experience to say that if the armed forces were to adopt Brother Link's plan and become a disciplinary reform school for neurotics and psychotics, we would neither win the war nor the peace. From a common sense and a neuropsychiatric standpoint, the armed forces are doing a big job in the right and best way, growlers to the contrary notwithstanding.

BEVERLEY R. TUCKER, M.D.

Richmond, Virginia.

SIR: I do not feel prepared to go so far as Professor Link, but I do believe that something is wrong with our present way of sizing up young men for the military service, both from their physical as well as their mental aspects. It is quite impossible for me to believe, after a very exten-

sive and intensive experience with these various types of examinations of the soldiery of the American Army of World War I, that only about 50 per cent of the young manhood of our country are fit to serve in our armed forces. I do not believe that any country can long survive if such conditions are really factual. No such widespread physical incapacity was demonstrated among our inductees in the earlier contest.

And I confess that I am shocked and completely in disagreement with the alleged findings of the present day examiners when hundreds of thousands of our young men are rejected from military service because of "illiteracy and neuropsychiatric disorders." It should be impossible, it seems to me, for thinking Americans to believe that our own youth called for military service are more illiterate than the average Russian, German or Japanese soldier. And yet, can it be possible that our responsible authorities do not recognize the remarkable combatant qualities of these several armies? If "illiteracy" were the sole test one may wonder if that very efficient soldier of World War I, Sergeant York, of Tennessee, would have been accepted for military service under present standards?

I feel convinced that too rigid standards of mental and physical examination have been adopted by the Selective Service authorities and the Surgeon-General's office, and perhaps others responsible for the selection of our men for the armed forces of the United States. Not enough attention has always been given as to just where the man were to serve — whether in the line of combat, or behind it. Sometimes men who have been accepted for military service have been instructed in certain techniques for very long periods, only in the last analysis to be shifted to something entirely outside the field of such technical instruction, which has consequently meant wasted effort so far as "winning the war" is concerned.

EDWARD L. HANES, M.D., F.A.C.P.

Altadena, California

SIR: Dr. Link reminds me of the old timers who used to say to my father (who is a physician but not a psychiatrist): "Y'know, Doc, I never heerd of anyone having appendicetis until just lately. Nobody ever died of it until you doctors thought it up."

And Dad always answered, "That's right. But there were plenty of folks died of the bellyache."

No; the medicos didn't invent inflammation of the appendix, they just labeled it. And they didn't invent psychoneurosis, they just named it and are trying to cure it. Of course, Dr. Link is trying to convince us that naming a neurosis is what creates it. Like most half-truths, that sounds pretty convincing.

There may be "errors" in psychiatric diagnosis and treatment. It is still a comparatively young field of treatment for human ills. But they are not the "errors" Dr. Link has discovered. He simply talks in circles. His brand of sophistry would not be convincing if it were not that most of us have a little streak of the bully in us, and we'd *like* to believe all the neurotic needs is a kick in the pants. That's why Link's article is dangerous. It's the sort of rubbish thrown in the path of progress which will keep mankind groping in the dark a few more ages. Dr. Link and his ilk come closer to creating neurotics than the psychiatrists — but, there, I don't want to get as silly as he is.

MARY SHANK

Chicago, Illinois

SIR: Unquestionably Dr. Link has hit on something of importance. I believe as he does that certain conditions have been over-stressed. Further I have had called to my attention certain men who have been discharged from service and have been refused employment because of the stigma necessarily attached to them by the diagnosis of an Army psychiatrist. These men held jobs before the war but are now finding difficulty in getting re-employment.

R. CLYDE MINOR

Lincoln University

Jefferson City, Missouri

SIR: There was a time, long, long ago, when insanity was not considered a disease. An insane person was assumed to be possessed by an unclean spirit. The unfortunates were not coddled or pampered. They were chained like wild beasts, confined in filthy dungeons, treated abominably, punished cruelly, all in an effort to make their very existence so unbearable that the unclean spirits would find their quarters unsuitable, and

would return to the regions that they came from.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when psychoneurotics were considered cowards, malingerers, pampered sissies, duty-shirkers, and they were treated accordingly. Psychoneurosis was considered a convenient shield for shirkers. The result was that though our actual participation in World War I was of short duration, and our total casualties were relatively small, the Army had 110,137 neuropsychiatric casualties. Such casualties cost the government (and I quote the figures given by H. C. Link) from \$30,000 to \$35,000 each. The Veterans' Hospitals are still filled with such casualties from the first World War.

One would expect that in view of such enormous waste of money and human life, the present weeding out of psychoneurotics from the Army before they actually become casualties and wards of the government, should be applauded by all who know anything about this problem. But the writer of "The Errors of Psychiatry" protests against it. He thinks that psychiatrists "translate moral values into pathologic terms. . . . The teaching that phobias, tantrums, nervous breakdowns are mental illnesses of which the patients are the victims and not the authors. . . ."

Shades of Bedlam! Protect us against this atomism! It is a well known fact that more hospital beds in the United States are occupied by insane people than by all other medical and surgical cases combined. It is also a fact that the number of insane people in the U. S. A. is increasing from year to year.

Dr. Link is dissatisfied especially with two facts: (1) The Army psychiatrists keep suspected psychoneurotics in soft spots at hospitals for several weeks; (2) so many are rejected from the Army at induction centers, or are discharged very early in their military careers.

A little reflection or inquiry would show the rationality of this method. Keeping a soldier, suspected of being mentally unstable, at a hospital for observation serves a twofold purpose. Firstly, it helps to weed out real malingerers. Secondly, an attempt is made to rehabilitate those who can be cured in a comparatively short time, and who can be useful in a less exacting branch of the service. By discharging those who can not be made useful for the Army, the psy-

chiatrists: (1) save the government millions of dollars; (2) eradicate "foci of infection" (one mentally unbalanced soldier could, in an especially dangerous spot, endanger the lives of his comrades), and (3) they save the sanity of these men. They may be fit for normal, peaceful pursuits, while they would break down and become hopelessly insane under the stress of modern war, which they are biologically unable to meet.

BENJAMIN DUBOVSKY, M.D.

New York City

SIR: I have read Dr. Link's article with much interest and satisfaction. It was a mean job to have to do, but it should have been done and he has done it well. I think we all agree that young men should not be inducted into the armed forces if they are mentally ill; and that those who develop mental illness while in the service should be given every medical attention. At the same time, we should not provide the ready-made and socially acceptable excuse of illness to the youngster who fails in his obligations because he is pampered or shiftless, or lacking in character. For many of these, army discipline would certainly be the best therapy for their alleged "neurosis."

HENRY E. GARRETT
Professor of Psychology

*Columbia University,
New York*

JUSTICE HUGO BLACK

SIR: Mr. Rodell's praise for Justice Black in your August issue does not alter the following facts. When President Roosevelt nominated Senator Black for the Supreme Court, the Senator had every opportunity to answer the accusation that he had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Instead, Senator Black maintained silence. After the nomination had been approved by the Senate, and following Justice Black's induction into his high office, reporter Ray Sprigle published documentary evidence that Justice Black had at one time been a Klansman. Nine senators, thereupon stated publicly that they would not have voted to confirm Senator Black's Supreme Court nomination had they known of his past Klan membership before voting. Two senators suggested that he should resign. President Roose-

velt said that he had not known of Justice Black's former Klan status. After a considerable delay, Justice Black made a brief radio address, stating that he had joined the Ku Klux Klan years before, but that he had resigned after a brief membership.

Justice Black is a Supreme Court justice because he refused to admit the truth concerning his prior affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan before the Senate voted on his nomination. Does Mr. Rodell believe that this refusal evidenced the probity and moral courage which should characterize the members of our highest tribunal?

OSCAR A. BIGLER

*Los Angeles,
California*

ALAN DEVOE

SIR: May I add my admiration for Alan Devoe's nature articles? In a world that is becoming so super-mechanized that the sky is only a place for planes to roar around in, and a tree is only its final expression: lumber — in such a world it is heart-warming to read the grave, deeply mystic words of Mr. Devoe. We are reassured by reading them that there are those left who have not cut all their roots from the earth, to whom wonder is not yet a thing associated entirely with machines and test-tubes. In his articles there is the same composed reliance upon the things of the soil that we find in the Chinese philosophers, in the darkly beautiful profundities of John Cooper Powys, and in the poetry of the young California poet, Eric Wilson Barker. Whatever departments you may someday withdraw from the *MERCURY* (and I fail to see how we could dispense with any of them), leave "Down To Earth" intact, Utpatel woodcuts and all.

About the new covers: Roos mit 'em!

LEAH BODINE DRAKE

Evansville, Indiana

THE MYTH OF THE BEAST

SIR: As I usually write you when you print something I don't like, I am glad to be able to tell you that "The Myth of the Beast" in your June issue is one of the most sensible articles I have read in a long time.

I often wondered where H. G. Wells, for in-

stance, got the idea that the cave-men were so harsh and brutal with their females, when so few lower mammals, or even lower forms of life are. I guess it takes a really civilized man to be truly brutal and wanton.

We know that the cave-men drew pictures on the walls of their caves; we do not know that they were exceptionally brutal or wanton — certainly the higher apes are not.

I am afraid your author is right; obscenity, thirst for blood, waste and cruelty are the prerogatives of the civilized and dreamy, not of stags, or wolves, or primitive men.

ANTHONY CURTISS

*Port-au-Prince,
Haiti*

ERROR OF OMISSION

SIR: Your batch of paragraphs in the August *MERCURY* in which Presidents express themselves on the Presidency, reminds me that the only President who became a biographer of other Presidents after leaving office, was John Quincy Adams. His subjects were Madison and Monroe. In his biography of Monroe, he paid no attention to what is regarded today as the most significant act in Monroe's career: the Monroe Doctrine. What makes this fact all the more surprising is that Adams, as Monroe's Secretary of State, wrote the Doctrine!

WILLIAM WRIGHT

New York City

POLITICAL LEADERSHIP

SIR: Realizing that this letter will not reach you until the issue is superficially dead, I nonetheless want to make a few notes on Mr. Lyons' "Notes" [May] regarding Wendell Willkie. It is, I think, only a half-finished product; for in his introduction Mr. Lyons asserts that there are two ways of looking at a Presidential candidate: alone or in reference to the whole field of aspirants. And then he proceeds to spend the rest of the article examining an isolated Willkie, completely neglecting to mention the second and far more important look — the survey of Willkie as a candidate among candidates. I submit that no man, in any field of endeavor can be judged "alone," as an isolated entity. It is impossible to call a man in a test tube either good or bad for

there is no criterion by which to judge. Our aim in discussing the merits of a leader is not to draw hypothetical comparisons between our subject and the Ideal Leader, but to compare him with other living, talking, acting men.

One of Mr. Lyons' principal harping points is that Willkie in the 1940-44 period has failed to give the party true leadership, failed to strive for a real unity of principles which might guide the party. I am inclined to ask Mr. Lyons for his definition of true leadership. It would appear that his idea would have been for Willkie to call Mr. Pew and Senator Vanderberg and Col. McCormick and Mr. Landon and Mr. Martin into a quiet backroom, pass out cigars and say, "Now, boys, let's pool our grudges, make some nice, alluring statement of policy and pose for the papers, arms interlocked in brotherly Republican solidarity."

No, Mr. Lyons, true leadership is not necessarily a thing of compromise, nor does it lead to unity of intraparty opinions. I ask — did Landon strive to form a unified policy in 1936-40? Fie, he hibernated the party into a condition whereby it had to find a ninth hour theme and at that, a theme immersed in party confusion. And how, sir, did Mr. Hoover lead between 1932 and 1936? Or TR in the 1908-1912 period? He, too, went abroad; he shot tigers, rode elephants and commended the Kaiser on the excellence of the German war machine. I submit, sir, that Mr. Willkie's travels, however breezy, and his accomplishments, however sophomoric you consider them, were on a higher level.

In the light of recent years, however, I believe Mr. Willkie *has* led (or pulled) his party as has no other Republican. If the most noteworthy achievement of the party (the Mackinac resolutions regarding world cooperation) cannot be accredited principally to Mr. Willkie's influence they cannot be accredited to anyone.

I furthermore deny that Willkie has tempered his speeches to the temperament of his audiences. Though we do not have a reference library on this island, I recall reading a short while ago that Willkie, speaking in Idaho, advocated a policy in direct contrast with the view held by Idaho farmers. And surely, the advocacy of a thirteen billion dollar tax increase cannot be called codling any audience any more than can a strong

stand for internationalism in a state that keeps an isolationist such as Bob LaFollette in the Senate.

I will grant Mr. Lyons that Willkie has been unable effectively to synthesize Republican opinion or work very cooperatively with the party powers-that-be. But has any great Republican been able to do this? Our Lincolns and our Theodore Roosevelts experienced countless frictions with party leaders; our Hardings and our Coolidges were able to achieve far more success along these lines. Need I compare the respective results?

I will further grant that Willkie has done his share of groping for good and honest convictions. In these complex and altogether unpredictable times I would be suspicious indeed of the leader whose every principle and policy is "irreducible, right or wrong." If Mr. Willkie has been somewhat contradictory at times it is because any man who, by his actions, "promotes" the idea of free, open and sincere discussion of the great problems of the day, is bound to emit certain contradictions.

S/SGT ROBERT O. SCHULZE

New Britain

DEFENSE OF NEW YORK

SIR: The article by Richard Rovere on the decline of New York City, which appeared in your May issue, to my mind is a very superficial and shallow analysis of the various factors that affect the importance of New York. For instance, mention is made of the Henry Kaiser shipyards out West but not a word is said about the enormous shipbuilding activity that is being carried on in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and in yards of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the United States Steel Corporation and Todd Shipyards, to mention only the better known names.

At this time billions of dollars worth of war materials and supplies are being produced in this city per year, and if Mr. Rovere had taken the time and the trouble to study it he would find that the manufacturing of drug products, food products, clothing and so forth, which is being diverted to the Army, is just as productive from a community standpoint as shipbuilding or airplanes which might be produced in newly erected factories out West.

J. M. RUSSAKOFF

New York City.



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By Percy A. Campbell

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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 502)

FICTION

SO THICK THE FOG, by Catherine Pomeroy Stewart. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. In the early days of the German invasion of France, the Marquise de Polnay took her five children to their ancestral home in St. Obron on the coast of Brittany. This story is her record of their struggle for survival amid increasing hardships, famine and actual tragedy. The narrative is skillful and suspense is maintained to the last page. That the children are always paragons of strength and nobility strains one's credulity, as does the seemingly endless chain of disasters, but the story is so simply and so warmly told that very often the fiction achieves the dignity of fact.

BEING MET TOGETHER, by Vaughan Wilkins. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Here is a colorful, romantic, historical novel considerably above the average. In Colonial Virginia, Anthony Purvis was raised by a grandmother whose sole aim was to revenge herself through him against the British. At an early age he was sent to school in France, where he later joined Napoleon's army. Both Bonaparte and Robert Fulton play prominent parts in the book, along with a throng of excellently characterized fictional persons.

THE BARRICADES, by Philip Toynbee. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. After nine years as a schoolmaster, Michael Rawlins attempts to erase his years of repression by leading the life of an adventurer. Because of the constant conflict in him of the idealist and the opportunist, he never really succeeds. A former student eager to fight with the Loyalists in Spain represents Rawlins' real beliefs, and has the courage of his convictions which the disillusioned schoolmaster lacks. Reluctantly, Rawlins helps the boy, never admitting that it is his conscience which forces him to it. Out of a summer devoted chiefly to liquor and luxury, the author would have us believe that his hero finds a satisfactory pattern for his existence,

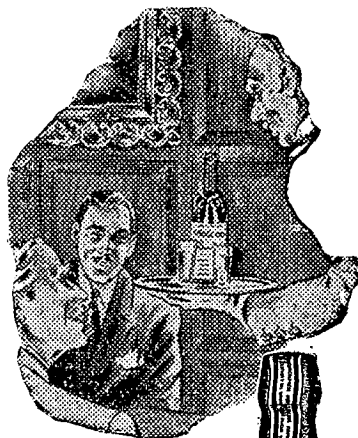
but for the reader it remains vague and undefined. Brilliantly written, with wit and irony, this little book is reminiscent of the early Huxley novels—the gropings of the young intellectual almost too clever for his own good.

VALLEY OF THE SKY, by Hobert Douglas Skidmore. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. This promising first novel about the crew of a bomber is at its best in its narrative passages and at its worst when it attempts to be profound about human destiny and the meaning of life and death. It is the story of a few days of bombing missions in the Pacific, the diverse backgrounds of the ten men who share these days and the spirit that knits them together. Occasionally, in an attempt to make real the thoughts of men under the tension and strain of war far from home, Mr. Skidmore veers dangerously close to trite and superficial mysticism.

ESCAPE FROM KÖNIGSTEIN. Anonymous. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. This is no dud. To be told that General Giraud, or for the purposes of fiction Admiral Beaulieu, managed to escape from a frowning and impregnable fortress suggests a high-powered melodrama. This novel is handled differently. Told by a faithful aide, its emotions are quiet and deep, the temper is soldierly, and there is plenty of malice and perception. Whoever wrote it had access to direct experience, so that it has the spice of life in it, but while the machinery of the plot is brilliant and the battle of wits is keen, it gains depth from the battle of conscience between the staunch French generals and those others who succumb to sophistry or ambition. A very superior book of its kind, taking us right inside Königstein and the master race. The actual climax does not supply the dessert that the romantic means of escape had made desirable.

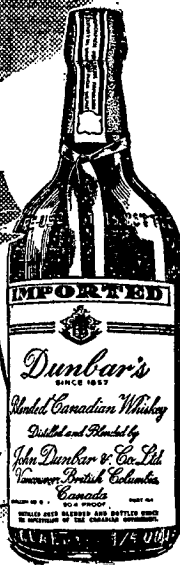
I GOT A COUNTRY, by Gilbert Gabriel. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. A novel in which the background is more vivid than the story. The setting, Alaska in wartime, is very well drawn and has the flavor of authenticity, but the narrative is slight and verges at times on the sentimental. Mr. Gabriel's technique of following the careers of three American soldiers of sharply contrasting personalities as they come together and separate is not altogether successful. Nevertheless, although not profound, the book is frequently perceptive and amusing.

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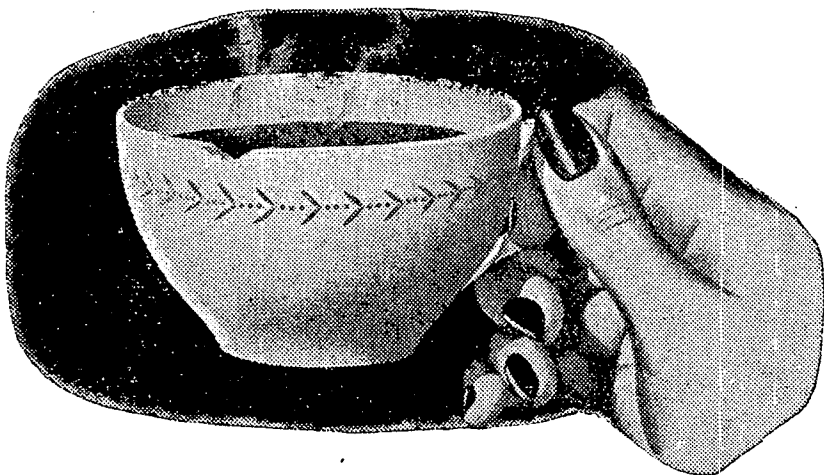


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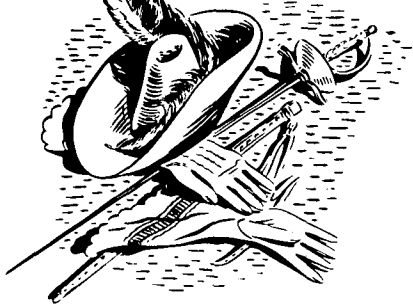
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A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



Adventure



TODAY, few men can live adventure. Civilization has set new limitations . . . society has established new standards of behavior . . . the struggle for subsistence provides little opportunity to live boldly, dangerously.

Yet the eternal craving for adventure is as instinctive as life itself. Within every man is the deep and driving demand for excitement. Some of us drive a little faster . . . or cross against the lights. We experience adventure, most of us,

through our reading . . . factually from the fortunate few who live it . . . fictionally in tales imagination-born.

Yes, basically we are all adventure-hungry — and out of that hunger has come a large part of that uniquely-American reading habit, the "comics!" The young and the young in heart find in the pages of comic magazines tales of derring-do, drama of high courage and invincible strength. So basic is their appeal that comic magazines are, today, the most widely-read type of publication on American newsstands!

Adventure . . . together with that other fundamental human appeal, *Humor* . . . is an important part of the balanced editorial fare of the twenty-one comic magazines that comprise the Superman D.C. Publications. Evidence of the success with which these magazines meet the basic need for adventure in entertainment is the fact that the Superman D.C. Publications has a circulation of more than 10,000,000 copies per issue . . . about a third of the entire comic magazine field! Here, in truth, is adventure for the multi-millions!

This symbol, on the cover of every Superman D-C Publication, identifies the finest Comic Magazines, edited with the active assistance of an Advisory Board of distinguished educators and psychologists. Adults and young people alike welcome the high editorial quality for which it stands.



Superman D-C Publications

America's Favorite Comic Magazines

ACTION
ADVENTURE
ALL AMERICAN
ALL FLASH
ALL FUNNY
ALL STAR

BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE
FLASH

FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING
MORE FUN
MUTT AND JEFF

SENSATION
STAR SPANGLED
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST

A vintage advertisement for Three Feathers Reserve Blended Whiskey. The central focus is a large, three-dimensional feather graphic. In the foreground, a bottle of Three Feathers Reserve whiskey stands next to a glass. The background is dark with white text. The overall aesthetic is that of a mid-20th-century print advertisement.

*First
among
fine
whiskies*

THREE FEATHER
Reserve

PLEASE NOTE:

Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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